R 2920

An Entire SET OF THE MONITORS.

Intended for the Promoting of RELIGION and VIRTUE, and ſuppreſſing of Vice and Immorality.

IN SEVERAL

POEMS

ON

Divine SUBJECTS.

In Purſuance of Her MAJESTY's *Moſt Gracious Directions.*

Undertaken by M. SMITH, *Gent. with the Aſſiſtance of the* Poet-Laureat, *and others.*

This UNDERTAKING was Encouraged by the Subſcription of the following Gentlemen of the CLERGY (beſides That of many of the NOBILITY, and great Numbers of the GENTRY) His Grace my Lord Arch-Biſhop of *York*, My Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, My Lord Biſhop of *St. David's*, My Lord Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, Dr. *Moſs*, Dean of *Ely*, Dr. *Brailsford*, Dean of *Wells*, Dr. *Williams*, Dr. *Bedfourd*, Dr. *Brown*, Dr. *Fog*, Dr. *Pelling*, Dr. *Bray*, Dr. *Hoadly*, Dr. *Blake*, Dr. *Hunt*, Dr. *King*, Dr. *Waugh*, Dr. *Wells*, Dr. *Only*, Dr. *Heath*, with above Fifty more of that Reverend Order.

LONDON:
PRINTED for the AUTHOR.

To Mr. *SMITH.*

A DIALOGUE.

CORODON, MENALCAS.

Cor. WHat means (my dear *Menalcas,*) this Retreat
In ſilent Groves, with Unauſpicious Looks,
And folded Arms? And why thoſe heavy Sighs
From your oppreſſed Lungs? Why ſtill thus ſad,
Regardleſs of your ſelf, and of your Sheep;
Which wander unobſerv'd, the hourly Prey
Of each voracious Wolf? While other Swains
With Looks erected, taſte the Sweets of Life,
And their ſoft Hours in Mirth and Pleaſure ſlide.

Men. Alas! my *Friend,* in their inſipid Mirth
I can no Pleaſure taſte; Life ſeems to me
A dull Fatigue, with Repetition cloy'd.

Cor. But whilſt we meditate upon the Ills,
And ſhun the Joys of Life, which wou'd expell,
Or elſe correct their rude Malignities,
We Authors are of our own Miſery.

Men. Life has no Joys are worthy our Account,
Short flaſhes fled before we reliſh them,
While Griefs are Permanent, and ſtrike like *Fate*
Moſt ſure, and croud our Scenes ſucceſſively;
With Cries w'are Born; a few Days on the Earth
We crawl in Pain; and then with Groans we die.

Cor. 'Tis true, as our fam'd * *Bard* has ſung, at beſt
Life's but a dull Ill acted Comedy:
But I've a *Cordial* for my *Friend,* unknown
To moſt of thoſe who Crown *Parnaſſus* Hill;
A certain and a ſov'raign Antidote
Againſt the moſt pernicious Ills of Life.

Men. Say it, and my *Apollo* henceforth be.

Cor. Did'ſt never hear the Charming *Damon* Sing,

* *Cowley.*

At

At whoſe ſoft Numbers, liſt'ning *Salvages*
Forgot their Cruelty, and fell in Love?

Men. Yes, and a while they have amus'd my Griefs,
But ſhort, alas! of giving ſolid Joy.

Cor. But *Damon* now to other Strains has tun'd
His Lyre; ſince tranſitory, fleet, and vain,
And Unſubſtantial He has found the Joys,
Which *Bacchus* and the *God* of *Love* Inſpire:
Bidding a long *Farewel* to thoſe Deluſions,
(In Scandal terminating, or Remorſe)
In *Vertue*'s Praiſe he ſtrikes the warbling Strings
And Sings of Pleaſures, whoſe Eternal Bloom
Succeeds the End of Time, but knows no End.

Men. Can *Damon* ſing, oppreſs'd with num'rous Wrongs.
Enough to ruffle ſtanch *Philoſophy?*
While *Adverſe Fortune* by diſcordant Notes
Torments Him, can his Soul be ſtill in Tune?

Cor. Secur'd by *Innocence*, He ſmiles at thoſe
Whoſe Pow'r his *Earthly Part* alone confines,
While his *Enfranchis'd Soul* roves uncontroul'd
Through boundleſs Space, and endleſs Fields of Light;
Witneſs thoſe *Raptures*, which confeſs his *Thoughts*
As free, as if a Stranger to Reſtraint.
And thus the Loaded Palm ſtill higher Mounts.

Men. *Damon* was Gen'rous, Courteous, Sympathiz'd
With other's Sorrows; ne'er ſo highly pleas'd,
As when his Bounty ſuccour'd their Diſtreſs;
The Soul of *Converſe*, Darling of each Sex,
And Crown'd with ev'ry Virtue can endear:
If He by Shocks of an ungrateful World
Thus Suffering, can keep his Soul in Tune,
No more will I repine, whoſe Merits are
Far ſhort (alas!) of his worſt Blemiſhes.
Oh! lead me to the *Streams* from's *Ocean* flow.

Cor. Such Joys you'll taſte no ſenſual Mortals know,
Which we to *Damon*, Happy *Damon*, owe.

G. Talbot.

The Remainder of the MONITORS *of the first Edition (which were not subscrib'd for) being sent to the following Persons, they were favourably receiv'd by them; the lowest Return made me much exceeding the* Sale-Price, *and many presented me with* That *many times doubl'd.*

N. B. *The* Sir-Names *are plac'd before the* Titles, *for the more readily finding them by the Alphabet.*

Adamson, *Mr. near the* Bridge.
Afflick, *Esq*; *in* Red-Lyon-Square.
Akers, *Mr. near* Jermyn-street.
Angier, *Dr. in* Walbrook.
Appleby, *Mr. at* Kew-Green.
Asheton *Mr.* in Castle-street.
Ashurst, *Sir* William, *in* Watling-street.
Aske, *Esq*; *in* East-street.
Asquith, *My Lady, near* Bloomsbury.
Auldersy, *Mr. in* Bread-street.
Ayres, *Sir* Charles, *at* Kew-Green.

Baldwin, *Mr. in* Villars-street.
Batley, *Mr. at* Chiswick.
Bateman, *Sr.* James, *in* Devonshire-Square.
Batt, *Mr. at* Kensington, *Merchant.*
Bartlet, *Mr. in* Bloomsbury.
Bayley, *Mr. near* Jermyn-street.
Bateman, *Dr. in* Privy-Garden.
Bax, *Esq*; *in* Leaden-Hall-street.
Benefield, *Esq*; *in* Cicil-street.
Beney, *Esq*; *in* Pall-Mall.
Bennet, *Madam, in* Arlington-street.
Beering, *Sir* Richard, *at* Chiswick.
Beaumont, *Esq*; in North-street.
Bentley, *Esq*; *in* Red-Lyon-square.
Birch, *Madam, by* Masham-street.
Blunt, *Esq*; *in* Broad-street.
Blackaby, *Esq*; *in* Hatton-Garden.
Bones, *Dr. in* Chappel-street.
Booth, *Madam, in* Great-Russel-street.
Boyle, *Major, at* Richmond.

Boyer,

Boyer, *Madam*, *at* Camberwell.
Bradbury, *Capt. in* Eaſt-ſtreet.
Braſier, *Mr. in* Exchange-Alley.
Brady, *Dr. at* Richmond.
Bridgeman, *Mr. in* Pall-Mall.
Bridgewater, *the Counteſs of*, *at* Tiſtleworth.
Bredor, *Eſq*; *in* York-Buildings.
Brooks, *Dr. in* Leaden-hall-ſtreet.
Brown, *Mr. in* Old Fiſh-ſtreet.
Brown, *Mr. in* St. Ann's-Lane.
Burnet, *Eſq*; *in* Hatton-Garden.
Burneby, *Capt. in* Maſham-ſtreet.
Butler, *Madam*, *in* Queen's-Square.

Caeſwell, *Mr. in* Lombard-ſtreet.
Caſewell, *Mr. in* Queen-ſtreet, *Merchant*.
Calamy, *Dr. in* Doſſet-Court.
Cane, *Madam*, *at* Kenſington.
Carey, *Madam*, *in* Ormond-ſtreet.
Carter, *Mr. in* Delahay-ſtreet.
Carter, *Mr. in* Queen's-ſtreet, *Merchant*.
Carbonel, *Mr. in* Mark-Lane, *Merchant*.
Cordonnal, *Eſq*; *at* Cheſwick.
Cecil, *Eſq*; *in* Pall-Mall.
Child, *Mr. in* Lombard-ſtreet.
Child, *Eſq*; *near* Bloomſbury.
Churchill, *Capt. in* Devonſhire-ſtreet.
Chomley, *General*, *at* Richmond.
Chambers, *Lady* Mary, *in* Bedford-Row.
Chamberlen, *Dr. in* Eſſex-ſtreet.
Church, *Mr. in* Throgmorton-ſtreet, *Merchant*.
Chapman, *Mr. in* Broad-ſtreet, *Merchant*.
Clark, *Mr. near* Drapers-Hall, *Merchant*.
Clark, *Madam*, *in* Queen's-Square.
Cleland, *Eſq*; *in* Lime-ſtreet.
Colebee, *Mr. at* Kenſington.
Collins, *Mr. in* St. Nicholas-Lane, *Merchant*.
Cole, *Dr. in* Great Queen-ſtreet.
Colebrook, *Dr. in* Budge-Row,
Copley, *Capt. near* Maſham-ſtreet.
Courtman, *Mr. in* Maſham-ſtreet.
Courtney, *Capt. in* Mancheſter-Court.
Cook, *Mr. in* Devonſhire-Square, *Merchant*.
Cowper, *My Lady*, *in* Bedford-Row.

Criſp, *Mr. in* Exchange-Alley, *Merchant.*
Criſp, *Mr. near* London-Stone, *Merchant.*
Crow, *Dr. by* Drapers-Hall.
Cragg, *Eſq*; *in* Jermyn-ſtreet.
Cullen, *Mr. at* Richmond.
Cox, *Mr. near* Mark-Lane, *Merchant.*
Cox, *Dr. in* Baſing-hall-ſtreet.

Dalton, *Eſq*; *in* Pall-Mall.
Daniel, *Sir* Samuel, *near* Lamb's-Conduit.
Darnal, *Mr. at* Peterſon.
Darby, *the Earl of, in* Queen's-Square.
Daſhwood, *Eſq*; *at* Peterſon.
Deal, *Mr. in* Fen-Church-ſtreet, *Merchant.*
Delme, *Alderman, in* Fen-church-ſtreet.
Deſhare, *Mr. in* Warwick-Court.
Dives, *Madam, in* Albermarl-ſtreet.
Dodwell, *Sir* William, *in* Red-Lion-Square.
Drake, *Mr. at* Kenſington.
Dwight, *Mr. at* Fulham, *Sen.*
Dwight, *Mr. at* Fulham, *Jun.*
Dyer, *Eſq*; *in* Ormond-ſtreet.

Eaton, *Dr. in* Warwick-Court.
Edwards, *Eſq*; *in* Delahay-ſtreet.
Ellis, *Mr. at* Thiſtleworth.
Ellis, *Eſq*; *in* Pall-Mall.
Elliot, *Eſq*; *in* York-Buildings.
Emmery, *Capt. near* Jermyn-ſtreet.
Engliſh, *Dr. in* Duke-ſtreet.
Engliſh, *Mr. in* Paradiſe-Row.
Ewers, *Eſq*; *at* Clapham.

Farris, *Colonel, in* Maſham-ſtreet.
Floyd, *My Lady, in* Maſham-ſtreet.
Floyd, *Mr. in* Bedford-ſtreet, Bloomſbury.
Forbes, *Sir* Francis, *near the* Monument, *Sheriff.*
Forbes, *Mr. near the* Monument, *Merchant.*
Fox, *Sir* Stephen, *at* Chiſwick.
Frake, *My Lady, in* Pall-Mall.
Friend, *Mr. in* Deans-Yard.
Freeman, *Eſq*; *in* Bloomſbury.
Fure, *Mr. in* Queen's-ſtreet, Weſtmin.

Garth, *Dr. in* St. James's-Street.
Garrat, *My Lady, in* Great-Ruſſel-ſtreet.
Gearing, *Mr. in* Queen's-ſtreet, *Merchant.*
Gelſthorpe, *Dr. in* Ducks-Court, Holburn.
Gill, *Dr. in* Fleet-ſtreet.
Glanvil, *Eſq*; *in* Queen's-Square.
Godfry, *Mr. in* Mark-Lane, *Merchant.*
Gould, *Dr. in* Warwick-Court.
Gouldſbury, *Eſq*; *in* Red-Lion-Square.
Grace, *Mr. at* Clapham.
Grace, *Madam, at* Putney.
Graſely, *My Lady, at* Thiſtleworth.

Hale, *Dr. in* Lincolns-Inn-fields.
Hall, *Serjeant at Law, in* Bedford-Row.
Hallet, *Sir* James, *at* Richmond.
Hallet, *Mr. by the* Royal-Exchange.
Hamilton, *Sir* David, *in* Bow-Lane.
Hamilton, *Mr. in* Caſtle-Street.
Hamſden, *Eſq*; *in* Dukes-Court.
Handford, *Madam. in* Queen's-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.
Hardy, *Sir* Thomas, *in* Pall-Mall.
Harriſon, *Eſq*; *near* Swithen's-Lane.
Harris, *Dr. in* Southampton-Square.
Harriſon, *Eſq*; *at* Richmond.
Harvey, *Eſq*; *in* Red-Lion-Square.
Haycocks, *Eſq*; *in* Bedford-Row.
Hayes, *Mr. in* Hatton-Garden.
Hearn, *Mr. in* Hatton-Garden.
Hetherington, *Mr. in* Eſſex-ſtreet.
Hinſome, *Mr. in* Villars-ſtreet.
Hill, *Madam, in* Red-Lion-Square.
Highland, *Mr. in* Southwark.
Hoddy, *Mr. at* Iſlington.
Hodges, *Eſq*; *in* Great Ruſſel-ſtreet.
Hodges, *Eſq*; *in* Great Ruſſel-ſtreet.
Hobſon, *My Lady, in* St. Ann's-Lane.
Hodges, *Sir* William, *in* Broad-ſtreet.
Hoare, *Sir* Richard, *late* Lord-Mayor.
Hooper, *Mr. at* Garlick-Hill.
Hodges, *Mr. near* Drapers-Hall, *Merchant.*
Hooper, *Mr. at* Clapham, *Merchant.*
Horſeman, *Dr. in* Hatton-Garden.

Hull,

Hull, *Major*, *in* Paradiſe-Row.
Huntman, *Mr. in* Warwick-Court.
Huſband, *Mr. at* Chiſwick.
Hyat, *Mr. in* Eaſt-ſtreet.

Jackſon, *Madam*, *in* Hatton-Gaaden.
Jernegan, *Dr. in* Queen's-ſtreet, St. James's.
Ingoldſby, *Sir* William, *in* York-buildings.
Johnſon, *Mr. in* Crooked-Lane, *Merchant*.
Jones, *Mr. at the Falcon*, *by the* Thames.

Keith, *Dr. in* Orange-ſtreet.
Kennedy, *Sir* Andrew, *near* Jermyn-ſtreet.
Kent, *Mr. at* Clapham.
Kerwood, *Mr. in* Lombard-Street.
Knight, *Madam*, *in* Hatton-Garden,
Knight, *Eſq*; *in* Albermarle-ſtreet.
Knipe, *Sir* Randolph, *in* Billiter-Lane.

Lamplew, *Madam*, *in* Queen's-ſtreet.
Lane, *Eſq*; *near* Swithen's-Lane.
Langford, *Dr. at* Chelſea-Colledge.
Lawes, *Colonel*, *at* Thiſtleworth.
Leechmeer, *Madam*, *in* Bedford-Row.
Levet, *Dr. in* Hatten-Garden.
Lilly, *Eſq*; *at* Kew-Green.
Linn, *Eſq*; *in* Princes-ſtreet.
Linford, *Dr. in* Lombard-ſtreet.
Loaden, *Mr. in* Channel-Row, Weſtminſter.
Lony, *Colonel*, *in* Ormond-ſtreet.
Lord, *Mr. in* York-Buildings.
Love, *Mr. at* Clapham.
Lloyd, *Mr. in* St. Nicholas-Lane, *Merchant*.

March, *Mr. in* Mincing-Lane, *Merchant*.
Marke Ker, *My Lord*, *in* St. James's-Palace.
Marriot, *Eſq*; *at* Fulham.
Maſon, *Mr. at* Peterſon.
Matthews, *Mr. in* Maſham-ſtreet.
Maſh, *Eſq*; *in* Ducks-Court.
Marten, *Mr. in* Southwark.
Marten, *Mr. in* Lombard-ſtreet.
Maxey, *Mr. at* Clapham.

Mead, *Dr.* *in* Auſtin-Fryers.
Meridye, *Madam*, *in* Ormond-ſtreet.
Miller, *Eſq*; *in* Bloomsbury-Square.
Millington, *Dr.* *at* Kenſington.
Milner, *Eſq*; *in* Great Ruſſel-ſtreet.
Mills, *Dr.* *in* Salisbury-Court.
Mills, *Mr.* *in* Eſſex-ſtreet.
Mitchel, *Eſq*; *in* Jermyn-ſtreet.
Moddy, *Mr.* *in* Devonſhire-ſtreet.
Moody, *Capt.* *in* Smith's-ſtreet.
Moor, *Madam*, *in* Eaſt-ſtreet.
Morelly, *Dr.* *in* York-Buildings.
Morton, *Dr.* *in* Devonſhire-Square.
Mountacue, *my Lady*, *in* Dover-ſtreet.
Murrey, *Mr.* *in* Maſham-ſtreet.
Murrey, *Mr.* *in* Crooked-Lane, *Merchant*.

Napper, *Madam*, *in* Hatten-Garden.
Nelſon, *Madam*, *in* Queen's-Square.
Nelſon, *Dr.* *in* Brewer's-ſtreet.
Nelſon, *Eſq*; *in* Glouceſter-ſtreet.
Newton, *Dr.* *in* Queen's-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.
Norwich, *the Biſhop of*.

Ongley, *Sir* Samuel, *in* Mincing-Lane.
Only, *Dr.* *at* Weſtminſter.
Orbery, *Mr.* *in* Little-Carter-Lane.
Overy, *Mr.* *in* Mincing-Lane, *Merchant*.

Paine, *Madam*, *in* Chappel-ſtreet.
Palmes, *Eſq*; *in* Great Ruſſel-ſtreet.
Panſford, *Eſq*; *in* Pall-Mall.
Paſſan, *Mr.* *in* Queen's-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.
Peard, *Dr.* *at* Clarkenwell.
Peche, *Dr.* *in* Bow-Lane.
Peirce, *Mr.* *in* Bloomsbury.
Peirce, *Mr.* *at* Clapham.
Pemble, *Madam*, *in* Eaſt-ſtreet.
Pemble, *Eſq*; *in* Mark-Lane.
Perrin, *Mr.* *in* St. James's-ſtreet.
Pegge, *Mr.* *in* Mincing-Lane, *Merchant*.
Perryman, *Eſq*; *at* Hammerſmith.
Pewgh, *Mr.* *at* Thiſtleworth.
Pigget, *Mr.* *in* Villars-ſtreet.
Pitts, *Madam*, *in* Hatten-Garden.
Pitts, *Mr.* *near* Mark-Lane, *Merchant*.
Pocklington, *Mr.* *in* Blow-Bladder-ſtreet.
Pool, *my Lady*, *in* Paradiſe-Row.
Prowl, *Eſq*; *in* Gloſter-ſtreet.
Purcell, *Colonel*, *in* Deans-Yard.

Rebow, *Eſq*; *at* Fulham.
Reed, *my Lady*, *in* Durham-Yard.
Ridout, *Mr.* *in* Bloomsbury-Square.

Rigby,

Rigby, *Eſq*; *in* Ormond-ſtreet.
Righten, *Mr.* *at* Peckham.
Rivers, *the Counteſs of*, *near* Lambs-Conduit.
Rivers, *my Lady*, *in* College-ſtreet.
Roberts, *Eſq*; *in* Gloſter-ſtreet.
Rocheſter, *the Biſhop of*,
Rolt, *Eſq*; *in* Bloomsbury-Square.
Row, *Madam*, *in* Great Ruſſel-ſtreet.
Roberts, *my Lady* Olimpia, *at* Kenſington.

Sadler, *Mr.* *in* Bedford-Row.
Salisbury, *the Biſhop of*,
Saunders, *Mr.* *in* Cannon-ſtreet.
Savage, *my Lady* Elizabeth, *in* Southampton-ſtreet.
Say *and* Seal, *my Lord*, *in* Gloſter-ſtreet.
Scawen, *Sir* William, *in* Delahay-ſtreet.
Scot, *Mr.* *near* Hackney.
Scot, *Sir* John, *in* Wincheſter-ſtreet.
Scholes, *Mr.* *in* Southwark.
Sequinear, *Colonel*, *in* St. James's-Square.
Sharpe, *Eſq*; *in the* Poultry, *Sheriff*.
Shaws, *Eſq*; *at* Thiſtleworth.
Shadwell, *Dr.* *in* Windmill-ſtreet.
Shataton, *Madam*, *in* Queens-Square.
Shivel, *Mr.* *by the* Mews.
Sheepherd, *Mr.* *in* Bartholomew-Lane, *Merchant*.
Shorter, *Eſq*; *at* Clarkenwell.
Sidney, *Madam*, *in* Bloomsbury.
Sidwell, *Mr.* *in* Southwark.
Skelton, *Mr.* *at* Fulham.
Sloan, *Dr.* *in* Bloomsbury.
Sloan, *Eſq*; *in* Bloomsbury.
Slaughter, *Capt.* *in* Mancheſter-Court.
Smith, *Sir* John, *in* Red-Lion-Square.
Smith, *Eſq*; *at* Thiſtleworth.
Smith, *Eſq*; *in* Duck's-Court.
Smith, *Eſq*; *in* Queen's-Square.
Southby, *Mr.* *in* Hatten-Garden.
Southwell, *Eſq*; *in* Spring-Garden.
Springall, *Dr.* *in* Silver-ſtreet, Bloomsbury.
Stainier, *Sr.* Samuel, *Lord-Mayor*.
Stapleton, *Colonel*, *in* College-Court.
Steel, *Mr.* *in* Caſtle-ſtreet.
Stephens, *Capt.* *in* Bedford-ſtreet.
Steward, *Dr.* *in* Pall-Mall.
Stives, *Dr.* *in* Queen-ſtreet, *in the* City.

Tipping, *Dr.* *at* Camberwell.
Tippanten, *Sir* John, *by* Bloomsbury.
Tiſdel, *Madam*, *in* Queen's-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.
Thornicraft, *Sir* John, *in* Ormond-ſtreet.
Thurſton, *Eſq*; *in* Maſham-ſtreet.
Toung, *Eſq*; *in* Ducks-Court.
Travail, *my Lady*, *near* Holburn.

Tuckel, *Mr.* *at* Turnall-Green.
Tull, *Mr.* *in* Lombard-ſtreet.

Vandeport, *my Lady*, *at* Richmond.
Varelſt, *Madam*, *in* Bloomsbury.
Vincent, *Madam*, *at* Kenſington.
Vinçent, *Eſq*; *in* North-ſtreet.

Ward, *Eſq*; *at* Hackney.
Ward, *Alderman*, *at* Lawrence-Pountney-Hill.
Walker, *Sir* Hovendon, *in* Gerrard-ſtreet.
Warwick, *the Counteſs of*, *at* Holland-Houſe.
Watts, *Dr.* *in* Bread-ſtreet.
Wasby, *Mr.* *in* Red-Lion-ſtreet.
Waugh, *Dr.* *in* Cornhill.
Welwood, *Dr.* *in* York-Buildings.
Wentworth, *Eſq*; *in* Ormond-ſtreet.
Williams, *my Lady*, *in* Covent-Garden.
Williams, *Mr.* *in* Caſtle-ſtreet.
Williamſon, *Capt.* *in* Queen-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.
Wincelſea, *the Counteſs of*, *in* Queen-ſtreet, *ditto*
Windham, *Sir* Francis, *in* Paradiſe-Row.
White, *Mr.* *in* King's-ſtreet, Bloomsbury.
White, *Mr.* *in* Hatton-Garden.
Whitfield, *Madam*, *in* Queen's-ſtreet, Weſtmin.
Willouby, *my Lord*, *in* Queen-ſtreet, Bloomsbury.
Wilſon, *Mr.* *in* Lombard-ſtreet.
Woodcock, *Mr.* *in* Hatton-Garden.
Woodgate, *Mr.* *at* Clapham.
Wright, *Dr.* *in* Queen's-ſtreet, Soho.
Wright, *Mr.* *in* Red-Lion-Square.
Wray, *Sir* Boucher, *in* Queen-ſtreet, *Weſtminſter*.

Yarmouth, *the Earl of*, *in* Cicil-ſtreet.
Young, *Sir* Walter, *in* Gerrard-ſtreet.

Several others receiv'd them in as Favourable a Manner as the above-nam'd, but Caution'd againſt inſerting their Names.

ERRATA.

IN the firſt Poem to the Author, l. 32. for *thow*, read *throw*. page 10. l. 7. for *ſtow*, r. *ſtow* p. 47. for *dereed*, r. *decreed*. p. 59. l. 14. for *higeſt*, r. *higheſt*. p. 83. l. 14. for *your*, r. *their*. in the *Index*, l. 19. for *ſo*, r. *to*.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THESE *MONITORS* were at firſt Calculated for a *Public Benefit*, and publiſhed three times a Week, in ſingle Sheets; but whether it was that the Humour of the Town, was wholly Engag'd in *Party-Pamphlets*, or that the Subjects were too *Serious* for the *Levity* of the Preſent Age, I ſoon was oblig'd to deſiſt with very great Loſs to me, conſidering the unfortunate Circumſtances I have been for ſome time under, occaſion'd by many Loſſes and Diſappointments. On this I was adviſed to ſend the *Setts* I had left to People of the beſt Character; the *Succeſs* whereof as much ſurpriz'd me, as the *Miſcarriage* of my *Undertaking* did before: Having not only receiv'd Generous Returns from all the Perſons hereafter nam'd, but alſo from greateſt Part of them in the moſt *Obliging Terms*, and from many, with Complements beyond any Merit in me to lay Claim to. But what gives me the higheſt Satisfaction, is, That moſt of my *Benefactors* are well known to be Perſons of the *Brighteſt Parts*, moſt *Exquiſite Qualifications*, as well as of the *Nobleſt Extract*. While I am making my Acknowledgement to them in General, I muſt not omit this Opportunity of paying my Reſpects and Thanks to particular Perſons, I mean my Worthy Friends, Dr. *BATEMAN* and Dr. *WELWOOD*, who were pleas'd to give ſo fair a *Character* of Me; which, tho perhaps it may be no Immodeſty in me to make Pretence to, yet ſo few will own their former Acquaintance when under *Misfortunes*, and fewer yet who will Teſtifie *under their Hands*, their good Opinion of 'em, that I have much Reaſon to own the juſt *Veneration* their *Generous Tempers* exact from me: and to believe, that great Part of what I receiv'd, was owing

to the *Influence* those two Gentlemen (so distinguish'd for their *Parts*, *Learning*, and *Profound Skill* in the *Science* they profess) over *Those* of the best Families, and most Accomplish'd of both Sexes. Lastly, I should have been very ungrateful if I had pass'd by this Occasion of testifying the great Engagements I lie under to Mr. *RIDOUT* of *Bloomsbury-Square*, something so particularly *Obliging* has appear'd in his *Courtisies* to me, that I deserve not to retain a *Memory* of the most grateful *Ideas*, longer than I preserve those of his *Favours* therein: He not only made me a *Generous Return*, but was also the Occasion of many others doing the like; nor stopt there, but assisted me in the Expence of this *Second Edition*; nay, and while under such *Circumstances* as nothing but the *Brightest Virtue* wou'd extend its Emanations to: And what Crowns the Satisfaction I enjoy in his *Friendship*, is, That I cannot be accus'd of *Flattery*, in esteeming Him one of the most *Ingenious Gentlemen* of the Age, and who by his *Natural* And *Acquired Parts*, with the Assistance of his *Home* and *Foreign Experience*, may justly be accounted a *Greater Artist* in the *Mystery* He Professes than (perhaps) any who have seen twice his Years. I cou'd dwell long on this Subject, but since a *Most Ingenious* * *Poet* in one of the best *Finish'd Poems* this Age has produc'd, has given his *Character* by way of *Epithalamium*, what I can offer after, will be rather *Detraction* than *Encomium*. To conclude, the Consideration of my having as yet sent to very few, in Comparison of the great Number of People of Condition about Town, puts me out of Doubt of meeting with the like Success in this *Second Edition*, and such as may restore my *Former Liberty*; which, when obtain'd, the chief Use I shall make of it will be, to seek out *Opportunities* of approving my *Gratitude* by some Services to my *Benefactors*.

---

* Mr. *Jabez Hughes*.

To

To the Moſt Ingenious *and* Well-Bred *Gentleman, Mr.* SMITH, *on his Publiſhing the* MONITORS.

HAIL, *Tuneful* and *Seraphic Bard*; all Hail!
May ne'er the *Springs*, ſupply your *Ocean*, fail:
They ne'er can fail, for *Heav'n* (propitious) ſhines
On ſuch, Creating Boundleſs Magazines.

The Streams of *Pactolus* produce not Oar
So Rich as flows from Your Eternal Store:
A Treaſure which ſubmits to no Alloy;
Nor *Time*, nor *Fate* its Luſtre can deſtroy.

Cœleſtial *Ardency*'s the MUSE Inſpires,
Your *Images*, and all Your Brighter Fires:
Whoſe *Energy* ne'er (condeſcending) Sings
Beneath the *Glories* of the KING of KINGS.
Your *Hellicon* dilates in Fields of Light,
Too *daz'ling* for Approach of Mortal Sight,
Whoſe *Taſte* will give Extatic Flights, and tell
The *Raptures* in thoſe Bleſſed Manſions dwell.
Your *Pegaſus* is Imp'd on *Angel*'s Wings,
Who, as He mounts, ſtill with his *Rider* Sings;
He'll bring You through the ſhining *Orbs* above,
To the Refulgent Scene of *Endleſs Love*.
And Your *Parnaſſus* rears His Lofty Head
Above yon Roof, with Orient Luſters ſpread;
From whence the *Sacred Sanctions* You behold,
(For Future Worlds) determined of Old.

Hail, *Bold Heroic* BARD! *Herculean* Toils
You Dare; and ſhall obtain *Herculean* Spoils:

Fell

Fell *Monſters* of prepoſt'rous Shape and Size,
(The Spawn of Poyſon'd Wit) Your Lines Chaſtiſe,
And *Giants* which brave *Heav'n* with *Blaſphemies.*
Nay, all the Pow'rs of *Hell*, Your Arms oppoſe,
By their own *Weapons* Conquering Your Foes:
For when their Darts of *Pointed Wit* they thow,
To *Pointed Wit* Your Victories You Owe;
'Till ſham'd, and in Confuſion loſt, they yield
To Your *Sublimer Thoughts*, the Glory of the Field.

But when Your *Muſe* ſoars in bright *Virtue*'s Praiſe.
Hiblean Sweets flow through Your Melting *Lays.*
Or ſuch Diſtil from *Aromatic Balm*,
Smooth as the Glazed *Ocean* in a Calm;
Tender as *Virgin*'s Sighs, when firſt They feel
A Paſſion, which, with Bluſhes, They'd conceal:
Soft as the Down upon the Wings of *Love*,
And with the Force of all his Arts do move.

Nor are theſe Images *Reſults* alone
Of *Pregnant Wit*, for Oſtentation ſhow'n;
But ſuch as through Your *Life* with Luſtre ſhine,
Blending the *Humane Nature* and *Divine:*
Sober, not *Sow'r*; *Modeſt*, yet *Gay:* which ſhew
A Man may be *Well-Bred* and *Chriſtian* too.

Since thus You Soar, Oppreſs'd by *Injuries*,
If thence Enlarg'd, to what Heights wou'd You riſe?
Bleſs'd be the Hands That ſuch a Work regard,
Such ſhining *Vertue* ne'er can miſs Reward.

But Pardon, *Friend*, Your Bluſhes do aſſure
You eaſier can Your *Load*, than *Praiſe* endure.

T. HOWARD.

THE *INTRODUCTION* TO THE MONITOR.

HUMBLY ADDRESS'D

To Her Most Sacred MAJESTY.

MADAM,

'TIS not the *Splendor* of *Great-Britain*'s *Crown*,
Nor all your *Royal Emblems* of *Renown*,
Nor the vaſt *Homage* your own *Albion* yields,
Nor *Glorious Victories* in Foreign Fields;
Nor *Floating Forts*, that with *Unrivall'd Pride*
Triumphant on your *Ocean-Empire* Ride;
Not *Theſe*, but *Beams* of *Grandeur* more *Divine*,
That round your *Sov'raign Sacred Temples* ſhine;

Your *Diadem* of *Virtues*, *Heav'nly* Bright,
Like *Coronets* of *Saints* in Realms of Light,
While You, *Religion's Empire* to ſuſtain,
Honour the *Throne*, and *Condeſcend* to *Reign*;
For *Piety*'s *Defence* of *Pow'r* Poſſeſs'd,
And only *Great* that Others may be *Bleſs'd*:
Theſe Glories Charm'd, 'twas *Theſe* that did Invite
The *Pious Mourning Muſe* from Shades of Night,
Where the Night-Raven's doleful Knells ſhe heard,
And *Sorrow*'s Sighs to lawleſs *Mirth* preferr'd;
Her *Harp*, that once to *Sion*'s Songs was ſtrung,
Forlorn upon a wither'd Willow hung;
Her Name *URANIA*, Faireſt of the *Nine*,
In whom Their Centr'ing *Gifts* and *Graces* Shine;
Yet *All* of *Heav'nly Race*, and *All*, at firſt,
In *Temples Bred*, and by *Devotion Nur'ſt*;
Where Gen'rous Offices of Mutual Love
Their Correſponding Talents did Improve;
Devotion did Their *Harmony* Inſpire,
And *Harmony* ſublim'd *Devotion*'s Fire:
Thus to *Seraphick Zeal* and *Skill* they ſprung;
They *Liv'd* like *Angels*, and like *Angels ſung*.

But, Ah! Theſe *Youthful Beauties* ſoon repin'd
To have ſuch *Charms* in *Hallow'd Walls* Confin'd,
As cou'd Allure and Captivate Mankind:
And, weary of the *Temple's Service* grown,
URANIA left to Sing and Sigh Alone;
'Till kind Compaſſion did at laſt compell
This *Vot'ry* too, to quit her *ſacred Cell*,
After the *Female Prodigals* to Roam,
And timely bring the *Fair Deſerters* Home.

To Courts and Cities firſt ſhe did repair,
But fright'ned with her Entertainment there,
Muſick ſhe heard, but *Muſick* to be *mourn'd*,
And *Muſes* ſaw, but now to *Furies* turn'd;
Who ſtill, like *Lucifer's* Apoſtate Train,
'To *Fiends* transform'd, their *Angel's Voice* retain;
Voices that once to *Anthems* did belong,
But *Blaſphemy* the Subject of their Song;
The Melody that Charm'd the liſt'ning Sphears,
Now Proſtituted to Unhallow'd Ears;
To Syrenades, Maſques, Banquets, Rev'ling Rage,
The dire Diverſions of a Graceleſs Age;
Minions to Lew'd Amours and ſparkling Bowls,
To *Senſe* delightful, but the Bane of *Souls*;

She ſought Her *Siſters*, did her *Siſters* view
For whom She ſought, yet not a *Siſter* knew,
Who now from *Her* in conſcious Guilt withdrew.
Black *Angels* thus in Darkneſs chooſe to dwell,
And ſhun the *Heav'nly* Light from whence they fell.

Then, as *Aſtræa*, when in Towns betray'd,
The diſtant *Country* her laſt Refuge made;
She hop'd at leaſt to find in Rural Plains
The *Virtue* of *Arcadian* Nymphs and Swains;
The *Genuine Sanctity* that did adorn
The *World*'s firſt Age, e're *Guilt* and *Grief* were born;
Where *Innocense* without a Guard was laid,
And ſlept ſecure, beneath the *Sylvan* Shade.
But, to Her Sorrow, ſaw, where-e'er She rang'd,
That Paradiſe into a *Deſart* chang'd;
The Paſt'ring *Shepherds*, and the Plowing *Swains*,
No more *Perfume* the Sky with *Sacred Strains*;
Cæleſtial Lays that made the Groves to Ring,
And taught the liſt'ning *Nightingale* to Sing;
No longer Danc'd the *Graces* on the Green,
Since *Rev'ling Flora* at the *Wake* was ſeen;
For Entertainment of their Vacant Hours
Lewd *Madrigals* that blaſt the Verdant *Bow'rs*:

There

There Ribald Rhimes of Frothy Wit were read,
Pernicious as the *Foam* that Serpents ſhed.
Then, like the frighted *Dove*, from Human View,
To Clefts of Rocks, the griev'd *URANIA* flew,
'Till Fame, with breathleſs Haſte, the flinty Hold
Aſcended, and the welcom *Meſſage* told.
Fair *Mourner* Riſe, *Britannia* chides your Stay,
Her *ANNA* calls, Fair Mourner come away;
Our *Queen*, for *Peace*, did *War*'s Alarms purſue,
And *Peace*, Her Realm's worſt En'mies to ſubdue;
Not Born alone to *Reſcue*, but *Reform*,
And ſtrongeſt Forts of *Deſp'rate Vice* to *Storm*.
And ſince no *Foes* ſuch Ravages commit,
As *Poiſon'd Poetry*, and *Painted Wit*,
Your *Province* is, with *Salutary Verſe*,
Th' *Inchantments* of thoſe *Syrens* to diſperſe;
'Till *Britiſh Youth* their *Virtue* ſhall regain,
And *Worthy* prove of *ANNA*'s *Sacred Reign*.

An ESSAY *in Praise of* DIVINE POESIE.

CElestial Dame, Adorn'd with e'ery Grace,
The Muse who thy bright *History* would trace,
And Sing thy Glorious *Origin*, must climb
To Nature's *Infancy*, and *Birth* of Time;
Tell how the Morning-Stars together sung,
And Heav'n's New Palace with thy Anthems rung:
Then, having taught the Seraphs how to raise
Their Voices in the great CREATOR's Praise,
How gen'rously, poor Mortals to befriend,
From *Heavens* high Court *thou* didst to *Earth* descend,
To cheer the Wretches, and relieve their Cares
(After lost *Eden*) with *Cœlestial* Airs:
Tell how the Leader of the Chosen Tribes,
By Thee Inspir'd, Proud *Pharaoh*'s Fate describes!
With what delightful Horror brings to Sight
The *high-heap'd* Waters *fall*, & maz'd *Egyptians Fright*.
And, Oh! when summon'd to resign his Breath
On *Nebo*'s Mount, how careful at his Death
To leave the Honour done thee on Record,
When the World's *Author*, and Almighty Lord

For-

(Forſeeing *Iſrael* would his Laws forſake)
Diſdain'd not a MEMORIAL-SONG to make.
How *DEBORAH* (the *ANNA* of that Age)
To ſave her People from Oppreſſive Rage,
Engag'd in WAR, altho' of Temper Calm,
And pleas'd with her own Grove of *Peaceful* Palm:
Then how Thou mad'ſt her to thy Chariot climb,
And in a SONG of Rapture more ſublime,
Triumph o'er *Siſera* a ſecond time.
Whilſt the young *Pſalmiſt* ſtruck thy Sacred Lyre,
So much of Heaven was heard———
As made the Melancholy *Fiend* Retire.

O QUEEN of POESIE, no Mortal Verſe
Can half thy gen'rous Offices rehearſe;
So far the gracious Provinces extend
That we but wrong the Worth we would commend.

Thou tak'ſt the tender Virgin to thy Care,
Whilſt Young, and, like the Bloom of *Eden*, Fair;
Before the ſubtil Serpent can ſurprize
Her *Innocence* with *Flatt'ry*'s fatal Lies.
With *Hymns* of *Heav'nly Love* Thou charm'ſt her Ear,
E're She the Syren's tempting Song can hear;
And, having gain'd the Conqueſt of her Heart,
Secur'ſt that *precious* Prize from *Cupid*'s poiſon'd Dart.

Thy Diſcipline directs the *Wandring* Fire
Of YOUTHS and mak'ſt it to Fame's Orb aſpire;
Thou charm'ſt the Liſtners to thy Sacred Strains,
From Pleaſure's Flow'ry, but pernicious Plains;
Where Prodigals conſume their ſprightlieſt Hours
In Fairy Banquets, and Enchanted Bow'rs;
Whoſe ſuddain Gourd as quickly will be pin'd,
And only leave the gnawing *Worm* behind.
Thy Pupils climb the Steeps, that once obtain'd,
A Paradiſe of laſting Bliſs is gain'd:
And, 'till their Toil the Glorious Heights can ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt 'em Up, and mak'ſt the Labour pleaſe.

To Thee the ſplendid Temple ope's her Gate,
And ſuch a Royal Gueſt receives *in State*;
Yet ſcorn'ſt thou not in *Cottages* to dwell,
Or viſit *Hermits* in their loneſom Cell;
And whilſt their Bodies pine with Meagre Faſt,
Thou feed'ſt their Souls with thy *Divine* Repaſt.

In vain the troubled Soul that Guilt Alarms,
For Succour flies to Mirth's deceitful Charms;
No Remedy beſides thy *bitter* Balm,
The Salvo of a *Pœnitential* Pſalm;
And when Contrition has perform'd her Part,
Thy joyful Hymns revive the Mourner's Heart.

Soon

Soon as a Show'r of Tears griev'd Conſcience weeps,
Her clouded Sky clears up, and troubled Ocean ſleeps.
Thy Muſick made the furious Furnace tame;
And tortur'd Martyrs ſing amidſt the Flame:
Thy charming Voice makes *Cold* Devotion ſpring,
And, when ſhe *Tires*, thou tak'ſt Her on thy Wing;
But when Her zealous Ardour would aſpire
To bear a Part with the Cœleſtial Quire,
To Chant, in Conſort with the Saints above,
The glorious Triumphs of *Redeeming* Love;
Thou mak'ſt Her ſing ſo loud the SAVIOUR's Praiſe,
As brings *Heav'n* down to Her, or Her to *Heav'n*
can raiſe.

Such Wonders thou in *Ancient* Days haſt done,
Such Conqueſts, and Immortal Lawrels won,
When Pious POETS, fir'd with Sacred Rage,
In *Thine* and VIRTUE's Service did Engage.

And haſt thou quite our vicious Age forſook?
O turn and caſt a kind reproving Look,
Such as his Maſter on fall'n PETER threw,
Before the MONITOR of Morning Crew;
That forc'd him from the Palace to withdraw,
And melt into a Penitential Thaw.

O power-

O powerful Glance, that cou'd such Lightning dart!
And shoot Remorse into his Frozen Heart;
When Fears cold Damp had made his Blood congeal,
And Death's sharp Dread check'd his impetuous Zeal.
So Streams, tho' Manacled in Frost and Snow,
When the Sun shines, and Southern Breezes blow,
Shake off their Icy Chains, and in a Torrent flow.

Yet let not Sacred POESIE despair,
And think that all her Sons Apostates are;
Nor yeild (because the En'mies Camp can boast
Of Num'rous *Renegades*) Her Cause for lost;
That none *Survive*, in this degen'rate Age,
Because so few in *Open* Field Engage.

The Pensive *Tisbbite* thought his Land bereft
Of Prophets, when he saw no Prophets left;
'Till to his sighing Soul the Voice reveal'd,
That Numbers still surviv'd, altho' in Caves conceal'd.
So BRITAIN still a num'rous Race may see
Of Bards, that ne'er to *Baal* have bow'd the Knee;
Who, (tho' a while by modest Fear controul'd,)
May grow like her renown'd * *Elijah*, Bold,
O QUEEN of sacred VERSE, your Empire to uphold.

---

* *Sir* R. B.

An Exhortation to the YOUTHS *of* Great-Britain.

AUſpicious YOUTHS, ſince partly for your ſake
This MONITORIAN Charge we undertake.
(Tho' knowing what Sagacious * *Horace* ſaid,
That Youths by *Monitors* are ill obey'd)
Yet better Thoughts of you we entertain;
Our offer'd Service will not be in vain.
Think not our Muſe to lofty Strains ſhall riſe,
Where Her Ambition's only to Adviſe.
And if the Precepts we preſcribe are Juſt,
Tho' plain the Stile, we ſhall diſcharge our Truſt.
But that our Council may the more prevail,
We'll Treat you with a ſhort Inſtructive † Tale.
Which practis'd, all your Labours will requite,
With a Rich Laſting Harveſt of Delight.

When *Hercules* with early Thoughts of Fame,
And how his Scene of future Life to Frame,
How beſt his Chace of Honour to maintain,
Who in his Cradle had the Serpents ſlain.

---

* *Monitoribus aſper.* Hor. de Art. Poet

† This Story is at large Related by *Socrates*, in his Scholar *Zenophon.*

Into

Into a ſolitary Grove retir'd,
(Like that where *Roman* NUMA was inſpir'd)
Two Matrons met him, but of different Dreſs,
That did their different Characters expreſs,
(For vaſtly different muſt thoſe Figures be,
Whoſe Names were IDLENESS and INDUSTRY.)
Ambitious Both, the *Noble Youth* to Woo,
Though One to *Bleſs*, the other to *Undo*.
The firſt, and moſt Experienc'd to beguile,
Attack'd him with a ſoothing Air and Smile;
She talk'd of Bow'rs and Banquets, Mirth, and Eaſe,
All Pleaſures that can Youthful Fancy Seize;
The Modeſt Matron, with a Solemn Mien,
And Aſpect well-becoming Vertue's Queen,
Admoniſh'd him of his Illuſtrious Birth,
His Anceſtry, and his expected Worth;
That, as he was above the Vulgar born,
Deſcended *Dignity* he ſhould adorn;
That Providence the Price of Fame has fix'd,
And Mortal's Honour muſt with Toil be mix'd:
Who hopes to *wear* that Prize, That Prize muſt win
With painful Labour, and betimes begin.
Thus did that *Oracle* of Senſe Adviſe,
Whom *Delphos*'s Oracle pronounc'd *The Wiſe*;

And

And to his *Monument*, in Learning's Praiſe,
In Thine, O VIRTUE, this ſmall *Shrine* we raiſe,
That Youths, whom gen'rous Ardour does enflame,
Would fly their *Paſſion* at the nobleſt *Game*;
* Let the beſt Courſe of Life your Choice invite,
For Cuſtom ſoon will turn it to Delight.
Shun *Senſual* Joys, and with a Flame refin'd,
Court the Diviner Pleaſures of the *Mind*.
Preſent and future Bleſſings to poſſeſs,
To Sacred VIRTUE make your firſt Addreſs;
O therefore Live of Virtue's Service proud,
The Brighteſt *Beauty*, and the Beſt endow'd.
She'll guard your *Youth* from *Paſſion*'s baneful Rage;
With *Peaceful* Thoughts divert the Pains of *Age*.
But then in largeſt Streams her Bleſſings flow,
When † Love, grown Bankrupt, can no more beſtow.
When rig'rous Death ſhall check your circling Blood,
And Life expires within the frozen Flood,
Your Mourning Nymph at large may ſigh her Grief,
Yet to your Penſive Heart give no Relief.
But Pious Souls by Death are Gainers made,
By Virtue to Eternal Bliſs convey'd;
There Mirth, and Peace, and ſofteſt Tranſports reign,
Delights refin'd from all Allays of Pain.

But if to Verſe their Genius ſhall incline,
Let 'em chooſe *Moral* Subjects and *Divine*:
At Sacred Subjects if they fly their Fire,
Then * Sacred Subjects will their Songs inſpire.
Thus early Larks their MattinsChant on High,
And *ſweeteſt* ſing, when *neareſt* to the Sky.

---

* *Optimum Vitæ Genus Eligito, nam Conſuetudo faciet Jucumdiſſimum*; quoted by Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, in his Sermon on the Advantages of an early Piety, and upon Education; which in *Horace*'s own Words we recommend to Youth, *Nocturna verſate Manu, verſate Diurna.*

* Witneſs our Mr. *Waller*, who in his Canto's on Divine Poeſie, has as far excell'd his other Verſes, as thoſe excel Common Performances.

† So our Admirable *Spencer*, after his celebrated Hymns on Love and Beauty in the common Acceptation, wrote his Admirable Hymns of Heavenly Love and Beauty, with this Pathetic Acknowledgment in his Introduction.

Many lewd Lays, ah! Woe is me the more,
In Praiſe of the mad Fit that Fools call LOVE:
Have I, in Heat of Youth, *writ heretofore,*
That in light Wits did looſe Affection move;
But now have turn'd the Tenor of my String,
The Heavenly *Praiſes of* True *Love to Sing.*
And you that won't with greedy vain Deſire,
To read my Fault, and wondring at my Flame;
To warm your ſelves at my broad blazing Fire;
Since now that Heat is quench'd, Oh! Quench my (Blame,
And in its Aſhes ſhroud my dying Shame;
For he that my paſt Follies now purſues,
Begins his Own, *and my paſt Fault renews.*

The

The EXPEDIENT.

THe Youth that's touch'd with noble Fire
And would to Learning's Heights Aſpire.
Who would that glorious Prize attain,
But knows not how that Prize to gain,
This ſhort Preſcription we Direct,
That cannot fail of good Effect.
He that in Learning would improve,
Muſt firſt with Learning fall in Love;
For true Love, for true Pains will call,
And that's the Charm that carries All.

The UPRIGHT MAN.

SHou'd Loudeſt Tempeſts,& Tremendous Storms
Aſſault Mankind, in all their Horrid Forms;
The Bellowing Thunder Roll, and Lightning Fly
With pointed Fury through the Blazing Sky;
Shou'd Seas be toſt aloft, and as they ſwell,
Open a Cavern to the Gates of Hell,
And then in mighty Torrents downwards go,
Threat'ning to drown the Frighted World below:

Shou'd

Shou'd Subterranean Winds ſuch Earthquakes make,
As might this lower World's Foundation ſhake,
Rending it to the Center, and Diſplay
Its inmoſt Chambers to the Eye of Day;
Shou'd Bearded Meteors of Portentous Hue,
Ingender Plagues and all their Rancour ſhew;
The Sun's ſick Head with Sable Clouds be bound,
Th' extinguiſh'd Stars diſorder'd Spheres confound;
Shou'd diſcontented Ghoſts from Graves Ariſe,
And fill with Yells and Shrieks the ecchoing Skies.
And Nature in this Wild Confuſion Hurl'd,
Pronounce the Swift Deſtruction of the World;
The UPRIGHT MAN, unmov'd by theſe Alarms,
Wou'd firmly ſtand, nor fear Impending Harms.
Tho' Whirl'd by Storms the Racking Clouds are ſeen,
His unmoleſted Breaſt is all *Serene*;
The Craſhing Thunder hears without the Dread
Of any Bolt b'ing levell'd at his Head;
Flaſhes of Light'ning wou'd without Diſmay,
Like Lambent Flames, about his Temples play:
The Shrieks of Troubled Ghoſts, for paſt Offence,
Can ne'er moleſt his Conſcious Innocence;
Nor Nature, in Convulſions, ſhake his Frame,
Which in all Turns of Fate, is ſtill the ſame;

And

And when the King of Terrors ſhakes his Dart,
Without Reluctancy He yields his Heart;
His Audit Caſt, receives the welcome Gueſt,
Smiles at the Blow, and gently Sinks to Reſt.

The REVERSE.

SEe where AURORA does with Bluſhes riſe,
And draws the Sable Curtains of the Skies;
Advancing (ſtill with Looks more Bright and Gay)
To Uſher in the Monarch of the Day:
Behold He comes, diſpercing Clouds and Night,
And darts to diſtant Poles his Rays of Light;
The Graſs, with glitt'ring Dew, reflects his Beams,
Each Field a Firmament of Spangles ſeems;
The ſubtle Perſpirations of the Bloom
The fluid Air with Fragrancy Perfume;
Chear'd by his Influence, with Warblings ſweet,
Their Mattins the wing'd Choriſters repeat:
The early Swain, (lull'd late to Downey-Reſt,
By Honeſt Labours and a Faithful Breaſt,)
Starts up refreſh'd, and having paid his Vows
To Heav'n, with Chearfulneſs his Toils renews;

All *Nature* ſmiles, all but the GUILTY WRETCH,
Theſe Balmly Pleaſures fly beyond his Reach;
Sleep, ev'n Balſamick Sleep his Torment ſeems,
His Soul then Ruffel'd with diſtracted Dreams,
By Images of Guilt fix'd in his Brain,
Which their Aſcendant Day and Night maintain:
Altho' the Firmament be clear, a Cloud
Does all his Faculties with Darkneſs Shrowd;
Tho' all above iu Peaceful Calms are dreſt,
Perpetual Storms are Riſing in his Breaſt.
In vain to *Luxury* he has recourſe,
The Fumes flow'n off, leave his Condition worſe:
Relief from *Muſick* vain, to Diſcord ſoon
It turns to him whoſe *Soul is out of Tune:*
Stung by Remorſe, his Forc'd and Feigned Mirth,
Gives but a Flaſh, and's ſtifled in the Birth.
No need of Ghoſts and Dæmons of the Night,
With horrid Scenes his Anxious Soul to Fright;
His Thoughts are gaſtly *Spectres*, which deny
All reſt, while from *Himſelf* he tries to fly;
Nay, when He *Prays*, his Words may upwards go,
But Loads of Crimes preſs down his Heart below.
And when the King of Terrors ſhakes his Dart,
With ſtrong Reluctancy He yields his Heart;

His

His Mind in Violent Convulsions Toſt,
He gives a Dreadful Groan, *and is for ever Loſt.*

The INFERENCE.

WHo Themſelves with ſlaviſh Toil
Wou'd inceſſantly beguile,
With much Labour ſeek their Ruin,
Always Drudging for Undoing;
Vainly ſeeking for Relief
From the conſtant Cauſe of Grief:
Who but Fools wou'd take theſe Meaſures,
Thus miſtaking Pains for Pleaſures;
When they might with greater Eaſe,
Both their Minds and Bodies pleaſe,
Paſs their Days in true Delights,
And in Balmey-Reſt their Nights?
This the *Upright Man* Enjoys,
That the *Guilty Wretch* Annoys.

The SWEARER.

OF all the Nauſeous complicated Crimes
That both Infect and Stigmatize the Times,

There's none that can with Impious Oaths compare,
Where Vice and Folly have an equal ſhare.
Pleaſure and Gain Temptation plead, and Pride
Sometimes to Virtue ſeems to be Ally'd,
And ſlender Bounds their Provinces divide;
But He that Practiſes this Odious Vice
Sells for an empty Sound his Paradiſe.
The Wretch who for his Broth ſo dearly paid,
A wiſer Bargain than this Swearer made.
If He believes a GOD, how void of Senſe
Are Pigmies to defy Omnipotence?
If not, himſelf an Idiot he proclaims,
Who Swears by Pow'rs that are but Airy Names.
The truly Brave are always Calm in Words,
And let their Anger ſparkle in their Swords;
But, Bully-like, the Swearer hates to draw
A Sword, and with meer Noiſe Mankind would Awe.
And when, to force Belief of what they ſpeak,
They find a Volley of loud Oaths too weak,
They Curſe and Damn; yet nothing gain thereby
But further Confirmation that they Lye.
How Mean and Sordid muſt the Practice be,
In Perſons of but Gentleman's Degree,

The Raſcal Rable's Cuſtoms to purſue,
And Ape their Vices, and their Baſeſt too!
Since ev'ry Groom can be their Rivals here,
And He the braveſt Man can loudeſt Swear.

To *rap out* Nonſenſe who his Lungs would ſtrain,
Cry, *Damn his Blood*, but He that has no Brain?
Can He to Wit or Breeding have pretence,
Who talks beneath the Sphere of Common Senſe,
And thinks to pleaſe, by giving of Offence.

The Swearer therefore juſtly we conclude,
Is Lyar, Boaſter, Coward, Fool, and Rude.

Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.

NOW while thy Blooming Spring with Balmey Sweets,
And fervent *Love*, its Love's *Firſt Object* meets;
While ſprightly Fancy, unallay'd by Cares,
Thy Innocence Adorns with Artleſs Airs;
Thy Humours gently Flowing and Serene,
Not Ruffl'd by Remorſe, or conſcious Spleen;
While Youth and Vigour ſwell thy glowing Veins,

As yet Unſully'd by Habitual Stains;
E're Vice thy unexperienc'd Heart ſurprize,
Now offer it a *Sportleſs Sacrifice*
To *Him* who has beſt Title to the Prize.
Tho' this Oblation but thy Duty is,
If early paid, will bring Eternal Bliſs.
Lo! where thy Adverſary lurking lies,
T' allure thy Soul, or take it by ſurprize,
When once He gains th' Avenues of thy Heart,
Too ſure he'll hold for Mortal Force to part;
His fatal Bait He Guilds with gaudy Shew,
Tranſporting Pleaſures Promiſes, and New;
Which once admitted, Agonies of Pain
Will follow, and the Sting for Life remain.
Thy Youth, like ſoftned Wax, with Eaſe will take
Thoſe Images, that firſt Impreſſions make;
If thoſe are Fair, thy Life will all be Bright;
If Foul, they'll cloud it all with Shades of Night,
If firſt thy Veſſel is with Odours fill'd
Of Eſſences in Heav'ns Alimbic Still'd;
The Perfume will with follow'ng Years *improve*,
Like Weſtern Breezes o'er the Myrtle Grove.
But if Foul Vice ſhall firſt the Veſſel ſtain,
What Coſt, what Pains to make it ſweet again!

While

While all thy Virtues bravely keep the Field,
Thy Armour *Truth*, and *Innocence* thy Shield,
The Angels too thy Guard, (whose Pow'r's too great
For Hell's united Forces to defeat.)
In vain they shall Assault, 'till from Within
They are invited by some Treach'rous Sin;
If thus betray'd, no more thy Conduct boast,
Thy Self will by *Thy Self* alone be lost;
Forsaken by thy Guards, an easy Prey
Thou'lt fall, and loose the Glory of the Day,
'Tis true, the Gates of Mercy open stand,
And Penitence Admission may demand;
But if thy Vices thou so long retain,
'Till Habit shall a full Ascendant gain;
How vast the Resolution, great the Task,
Thy Fav'rites to deny whate'er they ask,
After an Age of Dalliance with 'em spent,
Thou may'st (alas!) *but barely may'st*, Repent.

On CONTENT.

CONTENT's a Treasure sought by all Mankind,
Which yet but few, ah! very few can find:

To Cells or Palaces we may repair,
Yet fail to find the *Cautious Charmer* there:
T' a *Cynic*'s Tub, or *Epicurus*-Bower,
Yet never gather that ſweet ſmiling *Flower*:
In various Sciences improve our Skill,
Admir'd by all Men, yet be *Wretches* ſtill;
Arrive to ſuddain Dignity and Wealth,
Poſſeſs'd of Wit and Beauty, Strength and Health,
May Golden-Mines and Ocean-Treaſures ſeize,
Yet *Poor* in what can give a Guſt of Eaſe;
(The beſt of which can but *Amuſement* bring,
And moſt, for ſhort-liv'd Bliſs, a laſting Sting)
May further Rove than ever Mortal went,
Yet never meet that *Stranger* call'd *Content*.
Who of this *Jewel* hopes to be poſſeſt,
Muſt Home again and ſeek it in his Breaſt:
'Tis there the *Dove-like Soul Repoſe* muſt find,
Without that *Ark* are only Waves and Wind.
Calm Conſcience only can that Bleſſing give,
Without whoſe Company 'tis Toil to Live:
Life's other *Comforts* are but fading Joys,
But this *Perpetual Banquet* never cloys;

The

The more is drawn, the more this *Fountain* flows,
This *Heav'nly Manna*, in the Gath'ring, grows;
That Life prolongs, and * *Double Life* beſtows.
Since Recollection can the *Scene* renew,
And bring the *Golden Hours* again in View.

Upon VIRTUE and VICE.

THo' *Vice* at preſent does Triumphant Ride,
And *Virtue* ſeems upon the Suff'ring ſide,
Let *Vice*'s Minions not aſſume an Air
Of *Confidence*, nor *Virtue*'s Friends deſpair:
She's Exil'd now, and 'tis not ſtrange to ſee
Mean Souls Deſert *afflicted Majeſty:*
But, Oh! 'tis hop'd, the Time is drawing on,
That ſhall reſtore this Empreſs to her Throne;
Who ſhall to Honour raiſe the *Loyal few*,
Whilſt Shame and Vengeance cruſh the *Rebel Crew.*

Advice to a Diſponding FRIEND, *in Reference to the preſent State of* Human LIFE.

REpine not, Penſive Friend, to meet
A Thorn and Sting in ev'ry *Sweet*;

* *Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi Vir Bonus hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, Vita poſſe priore frui. Mart.

Nor

Nor think it is your *Single Fate*,
But the fixt Lot of *Human State*.
Since then this Portion is assign'd
By the *Great Patron* of Mankind,
We must conclude, 'tis for our *Good*,
And so 'twill once be understood:
Heav'n does its tend'rest Cares express,
In leading through a *Wilderness*,
Where *Bramble-Cares* the Pilgrim teize,
And not through flow'ry Plains of Ease;
Lest we shou'd *Here* take up our Stand,
And stop short of the *Promis'd Land*.

Upon FAME *and* INFAMY.

RENown with tedious Toil obtain'd,
Is often lost as soon as gain'd:
But *Infamy*, though quickly got,
Will during Life retain the Blot;
And after Death it leaves our Race
Inheritors of the *Disgrace*.

Upon

Upon Poverty *and* Infamy.

A Virtuous *Daughter* thus conſol'd.
Her *Father*, who their *Wants condol'd*;
Though *Poor*, contented let us be,
Since we have liv'd from *Scandal* free,
Committed nothing to Diſgrace,
The Honour of our Antient Race;
Let's reckon only thoſe *Diſtreſs'd*,
Who are with *Want* and *Guilt* oppreſs'd;
Let us our Single Load ſuſtain,
And leave thoſe Wretches to complain,
Who're forc'd to draw a *Double* Chain.

A VIEW *of Humane Life.*

IN various Courſes buſie Mortals move,
Regardleſs that the Event's decreed *Above*;
Yet ply ſo warmly what they take in hand,
As if they could their wiſh'd Succeſs *Command*;
As if with *Heav'n* they had a Contract made,
And a long Leaſe of Life to them convey'd;
Though Tenants but at Will t' *Almighty Pow'r*,
And hold by Courtiſie their ev'ry Hour,

Their

Their Hour! — their Minute! every ſingle Breath,
Is but a merciful Reprieve from Death!
And if alow'd another Breath to draw
'Tis a meer Act of Grace———
Heav'ns Diſpenſation with its injur'd Law:
And, if the Mercy is beſtow'd in vain,
Will bring th' *Offender* to the Bar again.
'Tis therefore next inquir'd, if well we uſe,
Or this Remitted Forfeiture *Abuſe*,
In all the various Paths of Life we chuſe.
Our Methods differ, but Deſigns the ſame,
For *Satisfaction* is the common Game;
Moſt ſeek Increaſe of Wealth, on fair Pretence,
They covet but a preſent Competence,
And for the Winter-Blaſts of Age a Provident
Defence:
Therefore, to fruſtrate Fortunes fickle Charms,
And Fortify againſt impending Harms,
Some quit their *City-Life*, and ſome their *Farms*.
One puts to Sea, and there, with eager Toil,
Chaces ſome Floating and Inchanted Iſle,
Where verdant Groves, adorn'd with Golden Fruit,
At once invite and couzen his Purſuit;

And from his Reach ſcuds off with equal Pace,
As th' Avaritious Wretch purſues his Chace;
Still flying off, yet keeping ſtill in View,
His Baffled weary Patience to renew;
'Till pity'ng Fate ſome *kind* Diſaſter ſends,
And by a *Lucky Wreck* the Fruitleſs Labour Ends.

In *Camps* and *Courts* the ſame Events befall
To Moſt Advent'rers there, if not to All;
For both in deſp'rate Services Engage,
To raiſe a Fortune for *Declining Age*;
And then to their forſaken Home return,
Their maim'd Eſtates, and broken Bones to Mourn.

On ev'ry Stage of Life, with wheedling Art,
And Flatt'ring Smiles, *Hope* acts her *Jilting Part*;
And what's the Charm by whoſe inveigling Pow'r
Mankind are drawn into this *Circe*'s Bow'r?
'Tis but one Trick this *Sorcereſs* can boaſt,
And by that *ſingle Trick* are Millions loſt;
The Grand Miſtake of Thinking to command,
As Ours, what's all in *Providence*'s Hand:
We reckon *Future Time* as our Eſtate,
A *Patrimony*, not the *Loan* of *Fate*,
And that we may, at Will, *Anticipate*.

Some to Advance a *This-Days-Project* borrow
On the uncertain Credit of *To Morrow*,
Some run on ſcore for Weeks, or Months, and ſome
Take up, on truſt, no leſs than Years to come;
Which Years, Months, Weeks, or ſingle Day to ſee,
Beyond their ſhorter Leaſe of Life may be.

Yet, oh! what *Schemes* on this uncertain Ground,
What vaſt Deſigns do theſe *Projectors* found?
Aſſur'd that All ſhall with Succeſs be crown'd.
So *Babel*'s Builders, with Ambition fir'd,
To Mount their Fabrick to the Clouds aſpir'd;
Whilſt all they compaſs'd by that raſh Intent,
Was but to leave their *Follies Monument*,
A moſt prodigious, but unfiniſh'd Pile,
That only ſerves to make the Trav'ller ſmile:
Nor can the ſore Experience of Defeat
Compel the Deſp'rate *Quixots* to retreat;
For what they looſe the firſt or ſecond Fray,
The next with Glorious Int'reſt ſhall repay;
And worſe to Finiſh what was ill begun,
Muſt'ring their Might, another Risk to run,
Set All at Stake, looſe All, and are Undon.

Ev'n thoſe that ſee their Blooming Wiſhes paſt
The Winter's Cold, and Summer's ſcorching Blaſt,

In

In *Autumn* yet, their Ripen'd Fruit may ſee
With inbred Canker rotting on the Tree;
Or when they've gather'd their Delicious Store
Diſtempers, and a Thouſand Miſchiefs more
May mar their Taſte; or if their Palate's right,
The Thief ſweeps all, and baulks their Appetite.
So Many Dangers, and diſtracting Cares
On wretched Mortals wait, and their Affairs;
So many open, and diſſembled Foes
In Ambuſh laid to Ruin their Repoſe,
That if they 'ſcape the Rage of their Alarms,
Armies ſtart up of *Accidental* Harms;
That 'tis in vain to hope for *perfect* Eaſe
In Circumſtances ſo diſtreſs'd as *theſe*;
The beſt that by the *Wiſeſt* can be done,
Is only— not on *needleſs* Ills to run,
And * calmly bear the Griefs we *cannot* ſhun.

---

* According to *Horace*'s *Levius fit Patientia Quicquid Corrigere eſt Nefas*; and after Him a great Maſter of the Muſes,

In vain we toſs and turn our *feav'riſh* Will,
When all our Eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill.

And to the ſame ſtrain *Spenſer* (*Qui nil Molitur inepte*)

Life have I worn out Thrice Thirty Years,
Some in much Joy, and many in Tears,
Yet never complain'd of Cold or Heat,
Of Winter's Snow, or Summer's Sweat,
Nor did ever Fortune Blame,
But gently took all that ungently came.

The Diſconſolate Shepherd.

I.

IN Dead of Night, when *Happy Mortals* take
Their calm Repoſe, and Wretches wake,
Stretch'd on a loneſome Plain,
A Melancholly Swain
In thoughtful Silence lay,
Till at the Break of Day
(For ſympathiſing Night
True Mourners love, and hate the Light)
His ſwelling Grief ruſh'd forth in this Pathetic Strain.

II.

What though the circling Sun
Has now his Race begun,
The Tempeſt chac'd away,
All round me Blith and Gay,
What Comfort in his Luſtre can I find,
If yet no chearful Glimps begin
A Glorious Morn within,
To calm the Tempeſt of my *troubled* Mind.

III. No

III.

No Joy to me His Bleſſing brings,
To clear my clouded Skies
A Brighter SUN muſt Riſe,
The *Sun of Righteouſneſs*, with Healing on his Wings;
Till then the tuneful Birds on ev'ry Tree,
No Muſick make for me:
As ſoon could I rejoyce
At the Night-Raven's doleful Voice,
And be diverted with the Bell
That Rings my deareſt Friend's untimely Knell:

IV.

Were in my Soul the Weather Fair,
No Stormy Terrors there,
The Storm without wou'd make me ſleep more ſound;
The Tempeſts in my Breaſt,
Are they that break my Reſt,
And all my Peace coufound;
My Suff'rings to redreſs,
O SUN *of Righteouſneß*,
Thy Gracious Beams diſplay;
For though this Lower Sun,

Shou'd Brighter ſhine than he has ever don,
Without a Beam of Grace from thee,
I never more ſhall ſee
One comfortable Day.

The Charnel-Houſe.

THIS Treaſury of Death ſurvey,
Where Poor and Rich their *Tribute* pay.
And both the ſame, for both but *Clay*.
See what Acquaintance thou canſt ſpy
Among thoſe *Skulls*; no more than I?
Thou Mighty Man of Science ſhow
Thy deareſt Friend, or deadly Foe.
What! Not one Symptom left to trace
Their Souls Contrivance in their Face?
Mankind by thee, alive, are Read,
And know'ſt thou nothing of the *Dead*?

Extreams *to be avoided.*

WHILE calm the Seas appear,
And while the Skies are clear,
Learn, *Gentle Youths*, to Steer
An Even Courſe of Life,
'Twixt too much Eaſe and Strife;

Nor

Nor *Scylla*'s Rocks to ſhun,
Upon *Charibdis* run,
Since either Way Undon.
Nor take leſs Care to Flee
The *Singing Syren*'s Bay;
For *Scylla*'s Dogs, tho' greedy of their Prey,
Have leſs devour'd than *She*.

JOSEPH's *Diſcovery of Himſelf to his Brethren.*

Written in Latin *by* H. Grotius, *imitated in Blank Verſe. The Speakers* Joſeph *and* Judah.

Jo. UNBIND that * Youth, and you My Guards withdraw,
For I muſt talk in private with theſe Strangers.
Now, *Sirs*, is that old Man you mention'd living?
Ju. We left him living when we came from Home.
Jo. And what's his Age? *Ju.* An Hundred Years and Three.
Jo. Is he in Health too at ſo great an Age?
Ju. Troubled with no Diſtemper, *Sir*, but Grief.

---

* Meaning *Benjamin*.

Jo. Perhaps becauſe this Lad was taken from him?

Ju. He grieves for him, and for another too.

Jo. Whom? tell me, for my Father's likewiſe aged.

Ju. Another Son, whoſe Loſs he much laments.

Jo. What Chance has rob'd the Father of his Son?

Ju. That's only known to him that knows all things.

Jo. 'Tis true there's nothing 'ſcapes his Cognizance.

Ju. Moſt certain 'tis, no Mortal can inform us.

Jo. But time brings many ſecret things to light.

Ju. Ah! wou'd to *Heav'n* that Happy Time were come.

Jo. You wiſh him then reſtor'd to his Old Father?

Ju. Cou'd my Death purchaſe that, I'd Die this Moment.

Jo. Was he ſo dearly by his Father Lov'd?

Ju. Never was Parent Fonder of a Child,

Jo. For his good Qualities, and Envying none?

Ju. And early Symptoms of a mighty Mind.

Jo. Now Strangers, tell me how you like our *Egypt*?

Ju. Equal to *Palæſtine*'s beſt Provinces.

Jo. And how the Method of our Government?

Ju. All, like your *Mighty Self*, moſt Excellent.

Jo. And no Inducement for your dwelling here?

Ju. Many, and first the *Famine* in our Country.

Jo. Then wherefore in such hast to part from hence?

Ju. Our Aged Father's left Alone at Home.

Jo. Can't you perswade the Old Man to come with you?

Ju. If 'tis his Will, our Duty's to Obey.

Jo. Love of his Son perhaps may bring him hither?

Ju. His Youngest, and a Fondling from the Cradle.

Jo. I pray what Name has he conferr'd on Him?

Ju. He order'd us to call him *Benjamin.*

Jo. That Name implies the *Son of my Right Hand.*

Ju. How, *Sir!* d' you understand our *Hebrew Tongue?*

Jo. I do, for formerly I liv'd amongst you.

Ju. May we enquire the Cause of your Removal?

Jo. Envy, Vile Envy. that most Savage Monster.

Ju. That Monster is no Stranger to our Soil.

Jo. Do you sell *Free-born* Persons there for *Slaves?*

Ju. 'Tis not the Custom, and our Laws forbid it.

Jo. But many things are done that Laws forbid.

Ju. Which *Righteous God* will punish, if Men spare.

Jo. Now tell me what was your lost Brother's Name?

Ju. Joseph. Ah Grief that I survive to speak it!

Jo. Why ſo? What ſignifies that Name in *Hebrew?*
Ju. It ſignifies his *Familie's Encreaſe.*
Jo. 'Tis very oft that *Names* and *Things* agree.
Ju. But here th' *Event* ſhows 'tis not always ſo.
Jo. Diſpair not, for to God there's nothing hard.
Ju. God grant,——but I diſpair of ſeeing it.
Jo. You ſee it now,——*Dear Brethren*, look on Me,
For I am *Joſeph*, though b' another Name
Call'd here in *Egypt*; your own Eyes behold
The Dignity to which our God has rais'd me:
Baniſh the Thought of *Dothan* from your Minds,
Your Threats of *Death*, the *Pit*, and *Arab*—*Merchants*;
You now perceive my *Dreams* are come to paſs;
Let this content you, and I'll ask no more.
Ju. O generous Governor (for Guilt and Shame
Cry 'twere Preſumption if we call'd you Brother)
Once more before your Feet we proſtrate fall,
Not to beſeech that you would interpoſe
Your Self 'twixt Us and Famine, but betwixt
Your injur'd *Self* and *You*; to intercede
For Pardon to your wretched Malefactors;
This Guilty We, and this our Aged Father
Broken with Miſeries, Implore——
Jo. Riſe *Brethren*, Riſe, you come too late to ask

What

What is already granted; to Forgive
Is little; with my *Pardon* take my *Love*,
Since my dear *Benjamin*'s Belov'd by You:
Through tiresom Labyrinths have I been led;
Let this not trouble You, the *bless'd Event*
Has made Amends; and I must now thank You,
Who have advanc'd me to this Dignity,
That only *Egypt*'s Monarch is Superior.
The God who looks through dark Futurity,
And sets his Councils beyond Human View,
Turn'd your Unkindness to our Preservation.
Five Years of *Fame* yet remain; Go, tell
Our *Mourning Father* that his *Lost Son Lives*,
Not only *Lives*, but in a *Princely Grandeur*:
Come All, and be Partakers of my Pow'r,
Goshen, that *Eden* of the *Pharian Empire*,
The Fair, the Fertle *Goshen* is Allotted
For Him, for You, your Servants, Herds and Flocks.

Being desirous of giving Specimens of all the various Kinds of Poetry, *we cou'd not omit that of* Dialogue, *which is so far from being Contemptible, that* Cicero *takes notice, it has on some Occasions very peculiar Advantages, as the avoiding thereby many troublesome Repetitions; The representing Persons, as if present; with other Beauties, which shall hereafter be specify'd, we presume that the Judicious will think* Blank Verse *most Natural on such Occasions.*

The GAMESTER.

'TIS Strange that they on whom kind Heav'ns bestow
Such Wealth might make their Lives with Pleasures flow;
Sublime the Joys of Youth, disarm the Rage
Of Maladies, that press on feeble Age;
Make such Provisions for their Future Race,
That they their Lineage never may Disgrace;
And (what can most transporting Pleasure give
To Gen'rous Souls) have Means the Wretched to Relieve;
And yet so far from Less'ning of their Store,
(Such Power have poor Men's Pray'rs) they find it more.
From Heav'n Returns of *Profit* they receive,
Beyond Proportion too of what they Give.
Thus *Charity* her Patrons does regard,
A little *Given* meets no small Reward.
But where this Bounty like a Stream shall flow,
She, for that *Stream*, an *Ocean* will bestow.
'Tis Frenzy then, for Men with Riches blest,
To Sacrifice their Treasure, Health and Rest

To

To this *Tyrannic Vice*, who makes his Slaves
Tamely Reſign whate'er the *Moloch* craves;
Throw, crys the Tyrant, the Poor Slaves obey,
Tho', with their Wealth, they *Throw Themſelves* away.

Nor comes this *Tyrant* ſingly on the Stage,
But Guarded with a Helliſh *Equipage*;
On Him a Num'rous *Train* of *Vices* wait,
Envy and *Avarice*, *Revenge* and *Hate*;
Oaths, *Curſes*, *Blaſphemies*, and *Execrations*.
If theſe Enormities are *Recreations*,
Fiends are not in ſo very bad a Caſe,
And *Hell* it ſelf the moſt *Diverting* Place.

But grant no *Guilt* on *Gameſters* did attend,
What Man, in his right *Wits*, wou'd recommend
An *Artifice*, our Fortunes to Advance,
That puts our *Certainty* upon a *Chance*,
And leaves it to a *Turn of Dice*, to ſhow
If that which we *Poſſeſs* be *Ours* or no.
The Wealthy have no need ſuch Risks to run,
And why ſhou'd he that's Poor be quite Undon;
Leſs Reaſon ſure has He, whoſe Stock is ſmall,
To ſtake that *Little*, ſince it is his *All*;

Or if a *Winning* Caſt he ſhall have thrown,
'Tis *Fortune*'s Money ſtill, and not his *Own*;
Which *She*, at next Adventure may recall
With Intereſt, and ſtrip the Wretch of *All*.
Ah! were no Future Puniſhment Aſſign'd
For theſe moſt Profligate of Humane Kind,
The Miſeries that here they may endure,
Upon a Man of *Senſe* ſhou'd work a Cure;
For a *Wiſe* Man that very *may* wou'd ſhun;
And ſince this Trade ſuch Numbers has Undone,
What certainty that He ſhall not make One?
How many wretched Objects ſtrike our Eyes,
That once e'en ſurfeited with Luxuries,
Stalking about the Ghoſts of what they were,
Plung'd into Life's moſt diſmal Gulf, *Deſpair*:
By ſome derided, and condemn'd by All,
Without one Plea that can for Pity call
Upon their Raſh and Voluntary Fall.
The *Prodigal* has *Pleaſure* for *Expence*,
And to a *Gen'rous Temper* ſome Pretence;
The *Epicure* t' extenuate his Crime,
Crys, his Enjoyment laſts a *longer* time;
But *Gameſters* through an *Age* of *Vices* run
In one ſhort *Hour*, and are the *next* Undone.

And

And thus contracting Universal Blame,
Scorn'd and unpity'd Live, and Die in Shame;
Leaving their *Heirs* (not *Heirs*, but *abject Slaves*)
To Beg their Bread, and Curse 'em in their Graves;
The *mourning Wife* shut from her Kindred's Door,)
And doom'd to the hard Choice of *Lewd* or *Poor*,
The Son turns *Padder*, and the Daughter *Wh——*

Upon Reading these Words on a GRAVE-STONE,

As I am, so shall Ye be.

HERE, silent as its Grave, a Body lies,
Yet *speaks*; not to our Ears, but to our Eyes;
Witness this startling Lecture of the *Dead*;
And fit to be by each *Surviver* Read;
Inscription is the *Language* of a Tomb,
Thus Powerful Art can speak when Nature's dumb.
And must we then, poor mouldring Wretch, like thee,
All Pris'ners to a loathsom Dungeon be?
He that can doubt of lying thus Forlorn
When once Deceas'd, may doubt his being Born;

For ſuch is the fixt Lot of Humane State
That *Life* and *Death* at once commence their Date.
Life's but a Vapour that will quickly fly,
And, to be Born, but to begin to Die.
In Cries the firſt Breath's Spent that Infants draw,
As Death then entring at the Door they ſaw.
Ah! Wretched State! cloſe lock'd in hidious Night,
Without the Viſit of one Glimpſe of Light;
But when, for ſome new Pris'ner to make Room,
The Jaylor-Sexton ſhall ſet ope the Tomb;
T' a Corner crowd the huddled Bones, and then
The Marble Door, on both, ſhuts faſt agen.
How diſmal ſuch Abode, in Manſions, where
The nauſeous Worms our ſole Companions are!
No more to ſcent the Fragrancy of Spring,
Nor hear its Choriſters in Conſort Sing;
Nor taſte the ſparkling Nectar that Inſpires
Declining Years with Fancy's Youthful Fires;
And, when the Painted Scenes of *Hope* decay,
Freſh Colours lays, and makes the Proſpect Gay.
Baniſh'd from Beauty's Smiles, and Nobler Joys,
That Friendſhip's much *more happy Hours* employs,

From

From cheerful Converſation to cold Graves,
Forgot by Friends, and trod upon by Slaves.
For this ſo Rig'rous Treatment of the Dead,
Hear next what 'tis th' Oppreſſor has to plead;
That all whom Death in Cuſtody detains,
Ne'er taſting Life's *Delights*, ne'er feel its *Pains*.
No longer by Extreams of Weather vex'd,
Nor with more fickle *Fortune*'s Freaks perplex'd.
But, Oh! ſuch Troops of Foes Life's Peace invade
In open Field, and more in Ambuſh laid,
That their tranſcendant Numbers to recount
The Moments of ones Life-time would ſurmount.
But that more powerful Charm of *Indolence*,
Againſt 'em *All* is a ſecure Defence.
Immur'd with *Tombs*, in ſafe Repoſe we lie;
Their Rage not feeling, all their Rage defie.
This Apathy, this want of Senſe and Thought,
Laſt Comfort to the Dying * *Cynic* brought.

---

* *Diogenes*, who finding himſelf ſtruck with Death, lay down upon a high Bank in an open Field, and his Friends adviſing him to be carried Home to die there, and be decently Bury'd, *Why ſo* (ſaid he) Becauſe, (reply'd they) you will here be expos'd to Birds and Beaſts of Prey, that will pluck and gnaw the Fleſh from your Bones. *Lay my long Staff by me*, (anſwer'd he) That will do you no Service (ſaid they) for you will have no Senſe left to make uſe of it. *Then* (ſaid he) *I ſhall have none left to feel what they do to me.*

And is this all the *Cynic* had to say,
His Misery of Living to repay
Stupidity his grand Prerogative?
Much better Comfort *Inspir'd* Writers give:
That if the Life, kind Providence has lent,
In *Virtue*'s Noble Service has been spent,
In Death it shall to *Paradise* retire,
And into *Immortality* expire.
Yet farther, how, when the last Trumpet's Sound
Shall wake the Startled Nation Under Ground,
That other Partner that now mouldring lies,
Shall, like the *Phœnix*, from its Ashes rise;
Not, like that Bird, in *Solitary* State,
But Wedded too, and worthy of its Mate.
To share in Bliss they never knew before,
And (what's the Bliss of Bliss) to part no more.

The CAUTION.

ONE Year, they who have reach'd extreamest Age,
May well expect before they quit the Stage,
And wondrous Works which are not yet begun,
May all be finish'd e're one Year is don;

But

But look back Fool upon a Score are paſt,
And judge by Them how long one Year will laſt.
What finiſh'd Works in One you'r like to boaſt,
When thinking to begin has Twenty coſt.

Upon the Annunciation of the Bleſſed VIRGIN.

IF to a Cottage *Majeſty* reſort,
'Tis then no more a Cottage but a *Court*:
So, whilſt *Devotion* there vouchſafes to dwell,
Her *Preſence* makes a *Temple* of a *Cell*:
And ſuch was that where the Religious Pair
Perform'd their Oriſons of Praiſe and Pray'r:
And tho' Betroth'd for Matrimonial Bands,
(In due Obeyſance to the Laws Commands)
Aſſum'd the Names of Husband and of Wife,
Yet both devoted were to Virgin-Life.
And 'twas no Wonder that they both agreed
To live as each in early Years dereed.
They lov'd, yet Strangers to the Nuptial Bed;
(So Angels Love, and Angels ſo might Wed)
Of ſlender Wealth, yet *Royalty* did Shine,
And ſhow'd, in *Poverty*, Great DAVID's Line.

The

The Husband near Ally'd; th' Illuſtrious Maid
Heireſs to Scepters that *Jeſſides* ſway'd.
Yet all to Heav'n's Diſpoſal ſhe reſign'd,
And never at her Low Eſtate Repin'd,
For none was half ſo Humble as her Mind.
He Ancient, but for Verdant Age Renown'd;
The Virgin-Wife with Youth and Beauty crown'd.
The Sex's Glory center'd in her Face,
And all ſublim'd with a Cœleſtial Grace,
That o'er her Charms (to bright for Mortal View)
A ſoft'ning Vail of Modeſt Meekneſs threw,
That made them with a Milder Luſtre paſs,
Like Sun-beams darting through a Chriſtal Glaſs.
Seldom in Public came this *Maiden Queen*,
And then with ſuch a Venerable Mein,
That, with an awful Joy th' admiring Crowd,
As at th' Appearance of an Angel, Bow'd.
The grateful Earth, where ſhe vouchſaf'd to tread,
Beneath her Feet a Flow'ry Carpet ſpread.
Where ſhe retir'd, whate'er the Seaſons were
The Bloom and Fragrancy of Spring was there;
And ſtill attended, as became a Queen,
With Faithful Guards of Angels, tho' unſeen.

Receiv'd

Receiv'd with State where-e'er she deign'd to come,
But most delighted with her Humble Home:
At her own Palace there her self she deem'd,
And, whilst absented there, in *Exile* seem'd.

No single Hour arriv'd but brought her Joy,
And well cou'd She her ev'ry Hour Employ,
In Day-Devotion, or Domestic Care,
All these she well-com'd; but her *Darlings* were
The silent Seasons of Nocturnal Pray'r:
Of Pray'r, and ev'ry Exercise besides,
That Piety for Active Zeal provides.

One Night, when other Offices were done,
And Contemplation's thoughtful Hours begun,
Those Mystic Oracles she did revolve,
Which, tho' consider'd oft, she ne'er cou'd solve.
But one *Presage* did most her Thoughts employ,
The Subject of her Wonder and her Joy.
'Twas, *That a Virgin shou'd conceive a Son,*
That wou'd regain his Father *David*'s Throne.
She credited the Prophecy, and knew
MESSIAH meant by the Prediction too,
Nor Ignorant that near the Season drew;
Reason and Faith thus far were reconcil'd;
But how a Virgin cou'd *conceive* a Child

She cou'd not gueſs; but her did Happy call,
On whom ſo great a Dignity ſhou'd fall;
Then (leaſt ſuſpecting that her ſelf was ſhe)
Cry'd out, What vaſt Preferment 'twere for me,
Might I that honour'd Virgin's Handmaid be!
Whilſt thus ſhe mus'd, her glimm'ring Lamp was drown'd
In Luſtre, ſuch as might the Sun confound;
Ambroſial Odours through the Cell were ſpread,
Gabriel appears, and to the trembling Maid,
In Language gentle as his Aſpect, ſaid——
Hail, *Mary*, full of Grace! th' Almighty Lord
Thy favour'd Breaſt has with Perfections ſtor'd,
That render Thee the Glory of thy Sex.
This Salutation did her Mind perplex:
Then thus the *Seraph*,— *Mary*, ceaſe thy Fear;
What canſt thou dread, who art to God ſo dear?
Thou ſhalt Conceive and bear a Son; of Fame
Surpaſſing Mortals; *Jeſus* is his Name,
Who ſhall with Sov'reign Grandeur be Inſtall'd,
Nor leſs than *Son of the Moſt High* be call'd.
He ſhall his Father *David*'s Throne aſcend,
And of his Kingdom there ſhall be no End.

But

But how (reply'd the *Virgin*) can this be,
Since I from Knowledge of Mankind am free?
That (anſwer'd he) no *Seraph*'s Skill can tell.
But nothing is to God impoſſible.
By that Almighty Spirit's *Energy*,
Whoſe pow'rful Wings ſhall over-ſhadow Thee;
And for that Cauſe the Child that thou ſhalt bear,
The Title of the *SON of God* ſhall wear.
Inſtructed thus how ſhe at once may gain
A Parent's Fame, yet Virgin's Praiſe retain,
Behold (ſaid ſhe) the *Handmaid of the Lord*,
Be this to me according to thy Word.
The Seraph (pleas'd with her Aſſent) withdrew
And up to his Cœleſtial Manſion flew;
Where all around the Heav'nly Hoſt did preſs,
Impatient till thy heard his Embaſſy's Succeſs.

The WITCH *of* ENDOR.

SAUL.

THOU who the Myſteries of Fate doſt know,
And ſit'ſt in Council with the Gods below;
Though not a few (beſides thy ſelf) are ſaid
To be in *Magic Arts* profoundly read;

Wyzards and *Witches* that can check the Moon
In full Career, and blind the Sun at Noon.
Some deeply Skill'd, and ſome in leſs Degree,
But Servants and Retainers all to *Thee*;
Not one into thy Sov'reign Secret led,
Of holding Correſpondence with the *Dead*.
Nor (when thou would'ſt conſult ſome grand
Affair)
Down to their diſmal Manſions need'ſt repair,
But ſummon'ſt them from their Abodes, to come
And wait for Audience at thy Preſence— *Room*.
If you demand why Strangers,--- (ſuch we are;
Nor only ſo, but travell'd from afar)
So late Arriv'd at your Nocturnal Court,
Dread *Sorc'reſs* 'tis for proof of this Report:
If then your Skill's proportion'd to your Fame,
Raiſe from beneath the Man that we ſhall Name.

WITCH.

I own, *Sirs*, you like Strangers ſpeak indeed,
Since Ignorant of what our *Saul* decreed;
Whoſe Edict nothing leſs than Death imparts
To all that Learn or Practiſe *Magic Arts*.
But ſhou'd it prove that you no Strangers are
To *Iſrael*'s State, nor yet arriv'd from far?

But

But ſly Court-Spies, with plauſible Pretence,
To get the Cruel King Intelligence.
Give me your ſolemn Oath, that your Intent
Was, ſome impending Danger to prevent;
That this Night-Viſit is with fair Deſign
To ſave your Own Life, not to Ruin Mine.

SAUL.

Then, *As Jehovah Lives*, our own Diſtreſs,
Not Harm to You, occaſion'd this Addreſs;
If any ſhall betide thee on this ſcore,
The ſame to Us befall, and Thouſands more.

WITCH.

Whom ſhall I raiſe?

SAUL.

Let *Samuel* appear.

WITCH.

Hah! what means this? my Lamps that blaz'd
ſo clear
Burn dim; ſure *Signal* that ſome Danger's near!
Beneath my Feet I feel the Ground to ſtart,
And beat Time to the Tremblings of my Heart;
But ſince I ſee that Awful Figure Riſe,
Aſſur'd I am of what I did ſurmiſe,
This *Stranger* is *Saul*'s ſelf in a Diſguiſe.

Well, I'll upbraid him, (for I can but fall)
Why haſt thou couzen'd me? for thou art *Saul*.
Great Sir, to Practiſe circumventing Art,
May be a Courtier's, not a Monarch's Part.

SAUL

Yet fear not thou, but with the *Charm* proceed,
Saul now Revokes, what *Saul* before Decreed;
That this to thee ſhall no Diſaſter bring
A King has Sworn, and by th' Almighty King.
Whom didſt thou ſee?

WITCH

Aſcending Gods I ſaw.

SAUL

What was his Form, that ſtruck thee with ſuch Awe?

WITCH

An Ancient Seer, in Rev'rend Robes.

SAUL

'Tis He.
See, *Samuel*, how low *Saul* Bows to Thee.

SAMUEL

What! can't the Grave, where every weary Gueſt
Is welcom'd with Repoſe, ſecure my Reſt?

Too

Too much, in Life, thou did'ſt my Peace confound,
And doſt thou Perſecute me Under Ground?
Let it ſuffice that thou didſt, waking, keep
My grieving Thoughts; but let my Aſhes ſleep.

SAUL

Moſt Rev'rend *Shade*, Diſtreſs and Cares ſurround
My troubl'd Soul, and all my Thoughts confound:
The *Philiſtins*, with Formidable Pow'r,
Approach us, and we dread the Fatal Hour,
Since Heav'n (once our *Ally*) our *Cauſe* forſakes,
Nor by his Prophets any Anſwer makes;
Nor other *Signal* to direct our Minds,
But leaves us all, like Chaff before the Winds.
In vain we *Sacrifice*, in vain *Adore*,
He caſts us off, and will be found no more;
No *Succour* left, but *Samu'el*'s, to implore.

SAMUEL

Art thou forſook of Heav'n, and com'ſt to me,
As Heav'n and I were fal'n at Enmity?
Know then, becauſe thou failedſt to fulfil,
Upon his deſtin'd * Foes, th' Almighty's Will,
And thoſe whom He to *Utmoſt Slaughter* gave,
Didſt, in *Prevaricating* Pity, ſave;

* The *Amalakites*.

Isra'el shall be to *Philistins* a Prey,
And *David* mount thy Throne the foll'wing Day.
Yet more — to Morrow! Oh! to Morrow, know,
Thou and thy Sons shall be with me below.

The CHARACTER *of an* Humble Contented MAN, *from an Ancient Manuscript, as appears by the Style and Versification; but 'tis hop'd the good Sense will be acceptable in this, or any Age.*

I.

HAPPY, thrice Happy is that sweet Estate,
That neither creeps too low, nor soars too high,
Which yield no Matter for Dissent or Hate,
Which others not disdain, nor yet Envy;
Which neither does, nor takes an Injury:
But living to it self in *Sweet Content*,
Is neither Sordid, nor yet Insolent.

II.

He lives indeed, and spends his Course of Time
In truest Pleasure that this Life can yield;
He hath set Hours to Pray at Ev'n and Prime;
He walks abroad into his quiet Field;

And

And ſtudies how his Home Affairs to wield:
His Soul and Body make one *Commonwealth*,
And he contrives to keep them both in Health.

III.

He fears no Poyſons in his Meats and Drinks;
He needs no Guard to Watch about his Bed;
And fears no Harm, becauſe no Harm he thinks;
No dang'rous Projects hammer in his Head;
He ſits and ſees how things are managed;
And, by obſerving what has oft been done,
Conjectures well how future Things will run.

IV.

If He would deal with Kings and Mighty Men,
He doth Converſe with them in Hiſtory;
If he wou'd know the Heav'nly Motions, then
He takes his Globe, and reads *Aſtronomy*;
His Maps and Charts teach Him *Coſmography*;
And whilſt, in his ſafe Cell, he ſtudy'ng ſtands,
In one ſhort Hour he Viſits Seas and Lands.

V.

And tir'd, at laſt, with the Diſcovery
Of Foreign things, he comes more near to Home;
He looks into himſelf with curious Eye;
That little World, that is indeed his *Own*,

He

He Travels in; which, being truly known,
Affords enough for Wonder and Delight,
When he has learn'd to know *Himself* aright.

Another to the same Purpose, by the same Author, concerning HUMILITY.

I.

STORMS rage more fiercely on the Hills than Dales,
Shrubs, better than high Cedars, Winds endure;
Those Colours sooneſt ſtain that are moſt Pure:
Oh! let him graſp the Clouds, and ſpan the Skies,
That can aſſure himſelf Felicities.

II.

In all that this ſame Maſſy World doth hold,
There is a certain Mixture to be found,
Either of *Dry*, of *Moiſt*; or *Hot*, or *Cold*;
Of which, if any one too much abound,
The Body's then afflicted and unſound:
But where a juſt Proportion is maintain'd,
Firm Health's continu'd, and loſt Health regain'd.

III.

So fares it with our Fortune, and our State,
Nothing is ſimply ſweet, or ſimply ſower;

Our

Our Wealth is mixt with Woe, our Love with Hate,
Our Hope with Fear, and Weakness with our
Pow'r;
Bright Moons breed Mists, the fairest Moon a
Show'r:
And as there is an *Autumn* and a *Spring*,
So *Change* by Course is seen in ev'ry Thing.

IV.

The Wind that's now at South will change to Nore,
The greenest Groves will turn to wither'd Hay;
The Seas both Ebb and Flow at ev'ry Shore;
The Moon doth wax and wane, yet not decay;
Day draws on Night, and Night draws on the Day;
Ourselves once Babes, now Men; then Old; & then
Return to our first Parent, Earth, agen.

An Epigram upon PRAYER.

PRAYER higest soars when She most Prostrate lies,
And when She *Supplicates*, She storms the Skies:
Thus to gain Heav'n may seem an easie Task;
For what can be more easie than to Ask?

Yet

Yet oft we do, by ſad Experience, find,
That, clogg'd with Earth, ſome Pray'rs are left behind.
And ſome, like Chaff, blown of with ev'ry Wind.
To Kneel is eaſie, to Pronounce not hard;
Then why are ſome Petitioners debar'd?
Hear what an Ancient Oracle declar'd.
Some *ſing* their Pray'rs, and ſome their Pray'rs *ſay*,
He's an *Elias* who his Pray'rs can *Pray*.
Reader, remember, when you next repair
To Church or Cloſet, this Memoir of *Pray'r*.

PROCRASTINATION.

TO *morrow*; yes, *To morrow* you'll repent,
A Train of *Tears* in *Vice* and *Folly* ſpent.
To morrow comes; no Penitential Sorrow
Appears therein, for ſtill it is *To morrow*.
At length, *To morrow* ſuch a Habit gains,
As if it were the *Time* that Heav'n ordains;
And you believe *To Day* too ſoon will be,
Till more *To morrows* you're deny'd to ſee.

MAT-

MATTHEW XXVII. 19.

Alſo when he was ſet down upon the Judgment Seat, his Wife ſent to him, ſaying, Have thou nothing to do with that Juſt Man: for I have ſuffered many things this Day in a Dream by reaſon of him.

WHILE Imp'ous *Pilate* mounts the Judgment-Seat,
His Virtuous Lady ſlept in her Retreat;
A Bow'r, with all the Pride of Nature dreſt,
That wakeful Sorrow's ſelf cou'd charm to Reſt:
Much more might Innocence Repoſe Enjoy,
And no moleſting Dream her Peace annoy:
No Dream of Idle and Phantaſtic Play;
But ſuch as Heav'nly Raptures did convey.
Nor thoſe diſpos'd by Fancy's hum'rous Will,
But under Conduct of Angelic Skill;
For ſtill ſome Guardian-Seraphs watchful Care
Suffers no troublous Dream to Enter there,
Unleſs ſubſervient to ſome grand Affair.
'Twas now juſt break of Day, when *Michael* came
With miſſive Viſions to the ſleeping Dame;

Yet oft we do, by ſad Experience, find,
That, clogg'd with Earth, ſome Pray'rs are left behind.
And ſome, like Chaff, blown of with ev'ry Wind.
To Kneel is eaſie, to Pronounce not hard;
Then why are ſome Petitioners debar'd?
Hear what an Ancient Oracle declar'd.
Some *ſing* their Pray'rs, and ſome their Pray'rs *ſay*,
He's an *Elias* who his Pray'rs can *Pray*.
Reader, remember, when you next repair
To Church or Cloſet, this Memoir of *Pray'r*.

PROCRASTINATION.

To morrow; yes, *To morrow* you'll repent,
A Train of *Tears* in *Vice* and *Folly* ſpent.
To morrow comes; no Penitential Sorrow
Appears therein, for ſtill it is *To morrow*.
At length, *To morrow* ſuch a Habit gains,
As if it were the *Time* that Heav'n ordains;
And you believe *To Day* too ſoon will be,
Till more *To morrows* you're deny'd to ſee.

MAT-

MATTHEW XXVII. 19.

Alſo when he was ſet down upon the Judgment Seat, his Wife ſent to him, ſaying, Have thou nothing to do with that Juſt Man: for I have ſuffered many things this Day in a Dream by reaſon of him.

WHILE Imp'ous *Pilate* mounts the Judgment-Seat,
His Virtuous Lady ſlept in her Retreat;
A Bow'r, with all the Pride of Nature dreſt,
That wakeful Sorrow's ſelf cou'd charm to Reſt:
Much more might Innocence Repoſe Enjoy,
And no moleſting Dream her Peace annoy:
No Dream of Idle and Phantaſtic Play;
But ſuch as Heav'nly Raptures did convey.
Nor thoſe diſpos'd by Fancy's hum'rous Will,
But under Conduct of Angelic Skill;
For ſtill ſome Guardian-Seraphs watchful Care
Suffers no troublous Dream to Enter there,
Unleſs ſubſervient to ſome grand Affair.
'Twas now juſt break of Day, when *Michael* came
With miſſive Viſions to the ſleeping Dame;

His preſent Errand was, on *Procla*'s Mind,
Thoſe Draughts to Copy he in Heav'n deſign'd;
To them he joins the Phantoms that were kept
In Memory's cloſe Cell, while *Procla* ſlept:
For 'tis of ſuch Materials Dreams are made,
Which being now in artful Order laid,
A vaſt Variety of Scenes diſplay'd.
So, great *Apelles*, thy Myſterious Skill,
An Empty Canvas cou'd with Wonders fill;
A Palace here, and there a City build,
Then ope' a Proſpect to the ſpacious Field;
Here Plant a Grove, and there cou'd Start a Spring,
And into Flow'ry Meads the Stranger bring:
Elſe-where a ſmooth and Cryſtal Lake cou'd place,
The Mirror where pleas'd *Phœbus* view'd his Face,
Then ruffle the calm Skies into a Storm:
Such Prodigies the Pencil can perform:
Yet expeditious Fancy brings in view
More Images than e'er that Maſter drew.
So far'd it now with *Procla*, whoſe firſt Dream
Preſented to her Sight a Silver Stream,
On whoſe calm Bank a Cedar ſeem'd to riſe,
Till his aſpiring Head had pierc'd the Skies;

And with proportion'd Breadth, that all around
Shadow'd, from *ſcorching Beams*, the *Paſtur-Ground*,
There Flock and Shepherd both cool Umbrage found.

Its Leafy Branches were the ſafe Retreat,
Where feather'd Songſters did their Notes repeat;
To th' Hoſpitable Shade their Thanks they ſung,
Securely there they Built and Hatch'd their Young.
At length, with Epidemic Fury fir'd,
The Swains againſt this Friendly Trée conſpir'd,
This Cedar to deſtroy; from ev'ry Farm
With Axes Arm'd, a furious Rabble ſwarm:
The Maſter of the Field, with Clamour preſt;
And finding him averſe to their Requeſt,
The tim'rous Man with Menaces they fright,
To execute their Sacriligious Spight:
Then, Inſtigated by the Pow'rs of Hell,
With Outcries to their Barbarous Work they fell;
So brought the Stately Cedar to the Ground,
Yet not without Revenge for ev'ry Wound,
It fell, and with its Fall the *Murd'rers* did *confound*.

While *Procla* Wept the Cedar's Overthrow,
She ſees, on Wing, a Swan more white than Snow;

Majeſtic was his Movement, and a Throng
Of Choriſters careſs'd him with their Song.
Procla the Beauty of the Bird admir'd,
When ſuddainly the frighted Sun retir'd,
He ſaw, againſt this ſingle Swan combin'd,
Armies of Vultures; and ſo fierce a Kind
As ne'er on Rocks of *Caucaſus* were bred,
Nor in *Hurcania*'s Savage Foreſt fed;
He, conſcious of his Fate, yet nor diſmay'd,
Nor calling to his ſtrong Allies for Aid,
Moſt patiently for his Aſſaſſins ſtay'd:
That precious Life, which He by Flight might ſave,
A willing Victim to their Rage He gave.
One plucks his Plumes; nor yet cou'd that ſuffice,
But tears the Fleſh, while others gore his Eyes.
Some, adding to their Cruelty, Diſgrace,
Smote, with unhallow'd Wings, his heav'nly Face;
Nor ceas'd till Wings, and Beaks, and Claws were tir'd:
Thus (ſweetly ſinging ſtill) the mangled Swan expir'd.

This Tragedy the Lady's Grief renews
Till, fall'ing downwards from the Clouds, ſhe views

A Troop of Eagles, whoſe ſuperior Rage,
Arm'd with Revenge, thoſe Vultures did engage,
And ſtrew'd their *Carkaſſes* on the ſome *Tragic Stage.*
The next Scene a vaſt Foreſt did preſent;
Where Creatures mild and ſavage did frequent;
The Huntſmen come, the Dogs to Work are ſet,
Who chance to force into the ſelf ſame Net
An ill match'd Pair, a rav'nous Wolf was One,
T'other a Deer, that Harm had never done:
'Twas now in th' Huntſmens Choice which ſhould be ſlain,
And which turn'd looſe into the Woods again.
The *Wolf's* diſmiſs'd to ravage through the Plains,
The *Deer* with *guiltleſs Blood* the Ground diſtains,
And both with Shouts of thoſe applauding Swains.
The Foreſts muſter, waken'd with their Cries,
With all his arm'd Domeſtics thither flies:
He ſees his Favourite-Deer, whom he had bred,
And with his own Hand from his Table fed,
Laid weltring in his Gore, ſtab'd, mangled, dead.
In juſt Revenge thoſe Murd'rers firſt he ſlays,
And then their Village all in Aſhes lays.

Upon the CRUCIFICTION *of Our* Bleſſed SAVIOUR.

A Dialogue *between a* Diſciple *and ſeveral* Meſſengers. *In Blank Verſe.*

Diſciple.

TOO much already we have heard, and yet
Th' Aſtoniſhment and Horror in that Face
Still threaten more. Before thou ſpeak'ſt, we know
His Foes will execute their utmoſt Rage:
But tell how the Spectators were affected.

Meſſenger.

With diff'rent Paſſions: ſome half dead with Grief,
Whilſt others triumph'd in his Sufferings.
Yet, tho' ſo various their Commotions were,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they ſupply'd each other;
Laughter excited Tears, and Tears caus'd Laughter;
The tender Sex, ev'n to Diſtraction, griev'd:
One tears her Hair; another beats her Breaſt:
Some ſobbing; ſome exclaiming; and ſome ſilent
With meer Aſtoniſhment. But, ah! what Tongue
Can ſpeak the Virgin-Mother's Agonies!

In

In her the Grief of all the Mourners met,
With more that were peculiarly her Own:
Before the Croſs ſhe ſtood, nor knew which way
To caſt her Eyes; if down to Earth ſhe look'd,
There lay a Deluge of her dear Son's Blood.
If upwards, there another Crimſon Show'r
Pour'd from his Thorn-Crown'd Head, Pierc'd Hands and Feet.
And that which gave to both the painful'ſt Wound,
His Sacred *Body* to the Rabble's Eyes
Expos'd— While Modeſty with him was ſtript,
And ſuffer'd Crucifixion too——
What Language can expreſs the Love and Grief
Of ſuch a Parent, and for ſuch a Son?
What Language can expreſs the Grief and Love
Of ſuch a Son, and for ſo Bleſs'd a Parent?
His Pangs rack'd Her; and Her's tormented Him;
And, Oh! if ſuch an Ocean of Afflictions
Be capable of more, that *more* was added;
Deriſion to Diſtreſs, Mock'd, Scoff'd, Reproach'd
By Men of all Degrees; Prieſts, Soldiers, Slaves;
Ev'n Miſery it ſelf inſulted Him,
The *Guilty* Partners of his unjuſt Doom
Upbraided Him.

Disciple.

——————Say, How did He sustain
These Barbarous Indignities?

Messenger.

——————With Patience,
Unparallel'd as were his Injuries;
At length some Words he spoke, and those a Pray'r,
Pray'r for his Murderers— *Forgive 'em, Father;*
Forgive 'em, for they know not what they do.
O *Sir*, to give his Suff'rings by Retail,
Trac'd from *Gethsemane* to *Golgotha*,
With the New Scenes of Sorrow acted there;
Those Waves of Woe wou'd overwhelm Us all.
Content your self to take 'em in the Gross,
'Till I recover Breath for the Particulars
Of that dire Tragedy.——

Disciple.

——————Nor Finish'd yet.

Messenger.

Time stood amaz'd to see so many Ages
Of most consummate Miseries transacted
Within the Compass of one Night and Day.

Disciple.

As needs they must that were to expiate,

And

And Pay the *Sinful Scores* of all Mankind.
So vaſt that Reck'ning——— Hah! whence this
Commotion!
Do my Feet fail me, or the Ground my Feet?
'Tis Earth's Convulſion: ſee! the Sun ſtarts too!
And to untimely Night reſigns his Sphere,
Glad that ſhe does her ſable Curtain draw
'Twixt Him, and ſuch a Spectacle.

Second Meſſenger.

———'Tis over!
The Lord of Life's expir'd! What you have heard
Was but the Prologue to his Tragedy;
The Thorns, Whips, Nails, and ſharper Blaſphemies
That pierc'd his tender Body were forget,
When Sorrow's Ocean ruſh'd into his Soul:
And Infl'ence of Paternal Deity
Was quite withdrawn, witneſs his woful Cry,
My God, my God, why haſt thou me forſaken?
———When Hells amazing Horrors
Star'd in his Face, and challeng'd the full Payment
For the World's Sins, to which he ſtood engag'd;
Not only for the paſt from *Adam*'s Fall,
But for the Guilt of all ſucceeding Ages.
Juſtice had muſter'd all in a large Scrowl,

And ſpread it to his View: Oh! ſuch a Sight
As only Innocence could gaze upon:
For only at his Eyes her own ſhe ſhot,
Whilſt Rigid Vengeance waited by her ſide,
To ſee 'em clear'd by Tale, no ſingle ſlip
Let paſs without particular Satisfaction:
Milions of Torments crowded in each Minute:
But Pride uſurp'd the Firſt and faireſt Leaf;
Then follow'd learing Spight, ſly *Slander* next,
Lean Avarice, with gnawing Ruſt beſmear'd;
Ignoble Cheating; Fawning, Smiling, Fraud;
With Poyſons, Ponyards, all the Inſtruments
Of Death conceal'd; ſelf-tort'ring *Tyranny*,
Jealous of her own *Shadow*; ſolemn *Lying*;
Six fat'ning Faſts, audacious *Sacrilege*.
Rotten *Hypocriſie*, proud learned *Folly*;
Intemp'rance wall'wing in a *Lake* of Filth,
And *Murder* Bathing in a *Sea* of Blood:
No Pecadillo, nor Gygantic Crime,
But there did Marſhal'd ſtand in dire Aray,
And all on ſingle ſuff'ring *Jeſus* hurl'd.
Mean time the Avenues that might convey
Relief to his Afflicted Heart cut off:
No Glimpſe of Hope, or Heav'nly *Solace* ſuffer'd

To march that Way.
Thus in the Furnace of His Father's Wrath,
No Wonder 'twas that he ſhou'd cry, *I Thirſt.*
But lo! to mock his Mis'ry to the laſt,
Inſtead of Wine they reach Him Vinigar;
And deeming that too mild, the Soldier's Spear
Gores through his Heart, and opens a wide Gate
For the remains of Life to ſally forth;
Then with a dying Voice (but ſuch a Voice
That ev'n in Death ſpoke his Divinity)
He cry'd, *'Tis Finiſh'd. Father I commit*
My Spirit into thy Hands. Then bow'd his Head,
And yielded up the Ghoſt.

Diſciple.

——————And what enſu'd?

Second Meſſenger.

Prodigious Thunder eccho'd his laſt Groans;
The People run diſtracted through the Gloom:
The Priſon Doors of Death are open ſet;
Inhabitants of Graves and Tombs come forth
To Viſit their Old Friends: the Rocks Diſſolve;
And the more Flinty Breaſt of the *Centurion,*
That ne'er 'till now Compaſſion felt, or Fear,
Submits to both: his late Blaſpheming Tongue

Humbly recanting, owns the *Suff'ring* GOD.

Disciple.

See, how the Rabble to the sacred Dome,
Hurry, with greater Haste than late they did
To *Pilate*'s Palace, or curst *Cavalry*.

Third Messenger.

Not for Devotion, but to gaze upon
A Prodigy, that like our *Moses Serpent*,
Has swallow'd up the Rest;
Our Temple's *Veil* is Rent, to pieces shatter'd,
And all the *Secrets* of our *Holiest Holy*,
(So long to Jews and Gentiles Venerable)
Expos'd to Vulgar and Unhallow'd Eyes.

An Epigram upon CHRIST *and* DEATH.

'TWIXT *Christ* and *Death* was once a mighty Strife,
The King of Terrors with the Lord of Life;
Both valiant *Chiefs*, and never known to yield,
What therefore was the Fortune of the Field?
By being vanquish'd Christ did Conquest Gain,
And Death by Conqu'ring was for ever Slain.

An Ode *upon* EASTER-DAY.

I.

YOU that with Pious Pray'r and Faſt
Have ſolemniz'd the *Seaſon* paſt,
Whoſe ſympatizing Souls did mourn
Your *Saviour*'s Death; and to his Tomb
The Tribute of your Tears did pay;
Come All, for you have Right to come,
To Celebrate the Joyful Day,
The Glorious Morning of your Lord's Return.

II.

Oh! think with what *Inſulting State*
The King of Terrors ſate;
How proudly he ſurvey'd
The *King of Kings* his Captive made,
And ſubject to the *Common Fate*.
He never took ſuch proud Delight
His Conqu'ring Foot to ſet
On young aſpiring *Ammon*'s Tomb;
Nor, after Ten Years Fight,
To ſee both *Greek* and *Trojan* Hero's met,
Like Tributary *Slaves*, at his dark Preſence-*Room*.

III. That

III.

That *Mortal* Monarchs had their Homage paid,
And at his Feet their Crowns and Scepters laid.
No ſmall Atchievement He eſteem'd;
But *This* a *Total* Conqueſt ſeem'd
The *Lord* of *Life* to Slay,
Since when of nothing leſs he Dream'd
Than *Univerſal* Sway:
This made him caſt a ſcornful Eye
On all the World beſide,
As Vaſſals to his Pride;
The World that now had no Pretenſe
To Stand on Her Defence,
When at the Victor's Feet ſhe ſaw her *Maker* lye.

IV.

Yet Vaunting Tyrant, thou ſhalt ſee
'Twas not an *Equal* Strife
Betwixt the Sov'raign Lord of Life,
And Poor Preſumptuous *Man*.
Thou took'ſt but what He *Gave*,
A Life He wou'd not ſave,
And ſhall aſſume again;
For ſoon thy Arrogance ſhall know
That he ſubmitted to thy Chain,

Not

Not with Deſign thy Bands to wear,
But, *Sampſon*-like, to ſhow
With how much Eaſe thy Fetters he can tear;
Therefore inſult not in his Death,
Who Mortgag'd, for a while, his Breath,
That his *Redeem'd* may *Deathleſs* Life obtain,
And Death Eternally be *Slain*.

V.

Ev'n now the ſacred Corps Revives;
Once more the Vanquiſh'd with the Victor ſtrives:
Stand, if thou dar'ſt, the furious Shock;
For ſee how his firſt Blow has cleft the Rock?
Hark! how it makes Earth's Center Groan,
And break the Brazen Gates of Hell;
Whoſe Legions with an Hidious Yell
Their *Panic* Terror own;
And dar'ſt thou, Wretch, pretend to combat Him
Alone.

VI.

It was on this Illuſtrious Day
The Great Creator did his Works ſurvey,
And having found them all,
(The whole, and ev'ry Part)
Form'd with conſummate Art,

And worthy to be Bleſt,
He let his Univerſal Bleſſing fall;
And ſo Retir'd (well-pleas'd) to his Eternal Reſt.

VII.

A new Creation on this Day was wrought,
And to Perfection brought.
A World of Wonders that ſhall laſt,
When Earth and Heav'ns are paſt;
A World that ſhall Reſtore,
(Tho' to the *Maker*'s deareſt Coſt)
The Paradiſe that *Adam* loſt:
Well therefore may this DAY be Bleſt,
That to the SAVIOUR's Toyls gave Reſt,
Whoſe Power and Love we now Adore
Upon a Double Score,
To MAKE a World was Much, but to REDEEM was More.

Upon Chaſt, Conjugal LOVE.

I.

THey that enjoy, and Joy in their *own Love*,
Whoſe Virtuous Souls admit no ſecret ſtain,
Who never did *unlawful* Pleaſures prove,
But chaſtly Loving, are Belov'd again;
Thrice Happy they; more true Content they gain

Than

Than thoſe who ſet no Limits to their Change,
More diſappointed, ſtill the more they Range.

II.

For Streams divided run a ſhallow'r Courſe
Than thoſe that in a ſingle Channel run;
A Roving Fancy ever likes Them worſe
That are obtain'd, than thoſe that are unwon,
For ſtill they find their Hopes are but begun;
Dreaming of Bliſs They never found, nor will,
For Want will ever wait on all that's *Ill*.

III.

For how can Sin afford Sincere Delight,
Whoſe beſt Effect is dearly to Repent;
As well may Darkneſs be the Cauſe of Light,
As Wickedneſs conduce to true Content,
They find their Coſt and Labour all miſ-ſpent;
Whilſt Virtuous Pleaſures are compleat and ſound,
And *Lawful* is at laſt *Delightful* found.

The PROSPECT.

FROM a tall Precipice on the Sea-ſide,
A Rev'rend Hermit view'd the ſpreading Tide,
The Flood, tho' curl'd with a becoming Wave,
The Signal of a riſing Tempeſt gave;

A goodly Ship was coaſting by the Place
(Like a Proud Courſer *Foaming* in her Pace)
With flutt'ring Courtſhip, the Laſcivious Gales,
Her Streamers furl'd, and wanton'd in her Sails;
The Waves divide to give the *Pageant* Way,
Then cloſing, with rais'd Heads the Pomp ſurvey.
Whilſt the grave Man this Spectacle intends,
Pleas'd with the Scene, a ſudden Storm deſcends,
That, in an Inſtant, riffles all the Boat,
Whoſe ſcatter'd Streamers on the Billows float,
Reflects with Sighs on this diſaſt'rous Sight;
Then (to his Cell Return'd) the *Anchorite*,
Of Earthly Greatneſs, weighs th' uncertain State
Which in its faireſt *Bloom*, and Proudeſt Height,
Stands moſt expos'd to Storms of *Sudden Fate*.

AVARICE.

On a MISER *that hoarded his* WEALTH *in a Steel Cheſt.*

CAnſt thou in Dungeons ſmother up thy Pelf
That's dearer to thee than thy ſelf?
Th' ill-treated Priſoner is debarr'd the Sight
Of its own chearful *Parent* LIGHT.

In

In vain from other's Reach thou doſt confine
What is no leſs reſerv'd from *thine*.
Dull Miſer know, no Part of all thy Gains
Falls to *thy Share*, beſides the *Pains*.
Think not thou follow'ſt Nature to interr
Thy Gold, cauſe 'twas interr'd by Her;
The Cell that Nature gave it was a *Womb*
To breed the Oar, but thine its *Tomb*.

EPIGRAM.

A *Prodigal*'s an Aſs;
The Miſer a worſe Sot,
Who wants as much the Thing he has,
As thoſe which he has not.

The VOYAGERS.

WHILST ſtemming Life's uncertain Tide,
Toſt on the Waves of *Doubts* and *Fears*,
If to frail *Reaſon*'s Conduct we confide:
O we ſhall Strive in vain,
The happy Port to gain;
For, oft as Clouded Reaſon diſappears,
We cannot fail to Rove afar,
Miſtaking each falſe *Meteor* for a *Star*:

How diſmal are the Dangers we engage,
When ruffled to a Hurricane,
Our Boiſt'rous Paſſions rouze the ſleeping Main,
Too rough for Reaſon to compoſe again?
Yet, ah! how *Few* have periſh'd by the Rage
Of *Storms*, if number'd, with the Dayly *Throng*;
Whom *Syren-Pleaſures* as they Sail along,
——Seduce to the Dead Shore,
Where They Themſelves ſaw Others Wreck'd before.

The CHOICE.

GRANT me indulgent Heav'n a Rural Seat,
Rather Contemptible than Great;
Where, tho' I taſt Life's Sweets, I ſtill may be
A Thirſt for Immortality;
I would have *Buſineſs*, but devoid of *Strife*,
A Private but an Active Life;
Some Books I'd have, and ſome Acquaintance too,
But very *Good*, and very *Few*:
Then, if one Mortal Two ſuch Grants may crave,
From ſilent Life, I'd *Steal* into my *Grave*.

A Paraphraſe on the 148*th* Pſalm.

YE bright Angelic Forms who ſtand
About the HOLY ONE,

And

And Legions Numberleſs command,
Dependent on his *Throne.*
Ye *Principalities* and *Pow'rs,*
Vertues and *Potentates;*
Who Gariſon Heav'ns Azure Tow'rs,
Or Guard her Golden Gates.
Seraphs and *Cherubs,* whoſe ſwift Flight
No Lazy Minutes count;
But dart ſwift as the Rays of Light
On Errands from his Mount.
Join all ye *Hoſts* of Heav'n to Sing
High *Plaudits* and loud Praiſe,
To Great JEHOVAH, GOD and KING,
The *Firſt* and *Laſt* of Days.
Let *Earth*'s Large Vaulted Roof repeat
In Eccho's back the ſound;
And let the *Song,* in Numbers ſweet,
Eternally go round.
Ye *Luminaries* which adorn
The ſhining Firmament;
Bright *Heſper,* Uſher of the Morn,
Before her Bluſhings ſent.
And thou the foll'wing Orient Light,
Earth's Soul and Heav'ns clear Eye,

How dismal are the Dangers we engage,
When ruffled to a Hurricane,
Our Boist'rous Passions rouze the sleeping Main,
Too rough for Reason to compose again?
Yet, ah! how *Few* have perish'd by the Rage
Of *Storms*, if number'd, with the Dayly *Throng*;
Whom *Syren-Pleasures* as they Sail along,
——Seduce to the Dead Shore,
Where They Themselves saw Others Wreck'd before.

The CHOICE.

GRANT me indulgent Heav'n a Rural Seat,
Rather Contemptible than Great;
Where, tho' I taste Life's Sweets, I still may be
A Thirst for Immortality;
I would have *Business*, but devoid of *Strife*,
A Private but an Active Life;
Some Books I'd have, and some Acquaintance too,
But very *Good*, and very *Few*:
Then, if one Mortal Two such Grants may crave,
From silent Life, I'd *Steal* into my *Grave*.

A Paraphrase on the 148*th* Psalm.

YE bright Angelic Forms who stand
About the HOLY ONE,

And

And Legions Numberleſs command,
Dependent on his *Throne*.
Ye *Principalities* and *Pow'rs*,
Vertues and *Potentates*;
Who Gariſon Heav'ns Azure Tow'rs,
Or Guard her Golden Gates.
Seraphs and *Cherubs*, whoſe ſwift Flight
No Lazy Minutes count;
But dart ſwift as the Rays of Light
On Errands from his Mount.
Join all ye *Hoſts* of Heav'n to Sing
High *Plaudits* and loud Praiſe,
To Great JEHOVAH, GOD and KING,
The *Firſt* and *Laſt* of Days.
Let *Earth*'s Large Vaulted Roof repeat
In Eccho's back the ſound;
And let the *Song*, in Numbers ſweet,
Eternally go round.
Ye *Luminaries* which adorn
The ſhining Firmament;
Bright *Heſper*, Uſher of the Morn,
Before her Bluſhings ſent.
And thou the foll'wing Orient Light,
Earth's Soul and Heav'ns clear Eye,

The Full-Orb'd *Sun*, refulgent Bright,
And Glory of the *Sky*.
His Radiant *Siſter*, Night's Fair Queen,
And Regent of the *Seas* :
Ye Glitt'ring *Stars* ('thout Number) ſeen,
Attending duly theſe :
Sing your Creator's Praiſe, whoſe Pow'rs
Rais'd you from *Chaos*-Beds,
And how to Meaſure Days and Hours,
Inform'd your Glorious Heads.
Let *Earth* in this *Grand Chorus* join,
With all her Progeny,
Since all her comely Orders ſhine
By His Mature Decree.
Ye *Exhalations*, which in Steams
From Fens and Lakes ariſe,
Drawn by the *Sun*'s Magnetic Beams,
And fill with Clouds the Skies :
Whether you take the Candy'd Forms
Of Hail, or Fleecy Snow ;
Or do return in Show'rs and Storms
T' your Origin below :
In all your Motions Praiſe his Name ;
Ye Whiſtling Winds, aloud,

His Glorious Attributes proclaim
On ev'ry Racking Cloud.
Ye Mountains with his Plaudits ring,
And all the Hills around:
Ye Valleys, who in Eccho's ſing,
Reverberate the ſound,
Ye Cedars tall, your Lofty Tops
In ſign of Worſhip bow;
Ye tender Shrubs on ſlender Props
Your Humble Parts allow.
Ye *Streams*, who'n Tuneful Murmurs flow,
Join'd with your Inmate Throng,
Which with bright Fins do ſwiftly row
Your Glitt'ring Forms along.
Ye winged Choriſters of th' Air,
In moſt Harmonious Notes,
Your Songs of Thanks and Praiſe prepare,
Tun'd by your warbling Throats.
All ye who ſtately Tread the Earth,
Or Bound with lofty Strides:
Ye *Inſects* of an Humbler Birth,
And all who've Breath beſides;
Your ſev'ral Parts in Conſort met,
In Symphony accord;

And let th' Harmonious Notes be ſet
To the Praiſes of the Lord.
Crown'd Heads, Imperial Potentates,
(Heav'ns Subſtitutes below)
With all the Royal Deligates
Which from your Fountains flow;
You largely have receiv'd, the more
Your Duty it imports,
With Zeal and Fervor to Adore
His Name in all your Courts.
Both *Old* and *Young*, and *Great* and *Small*,
Unite your Tuneful Lays,
His ſacred Honours to Extol,
With loud Immortal Praiſe.
For GOD on his high Throne of Light,
Above all Pow'rs ſits Crown'd;
While Forms Celeſtial, Dazling Bright
His Throne incompaſs round:
But Unacceſſable his Face,
There Angels vail their Eies,
Nor can Infinity of Space,
His Glories all compriſe.

The Day of JUDGMENT.

THeſe ſtartling Omens ſhall themſelves diſplay,
To Uſher in the *Great* and *Dreadful* Day;
The *Sun*'s ſick Head in ſable Clouds be bound,
Sick ev'n to Diſſolution; while around
A ſullen Gloom diſcolours all the Skies,
Preparing for his Mournful Obſequies;
The Moon be turn'd to Blood, not one bright Beam
Shall Iſſue from her, but a horrid Gleam.
The *Stars* expiring, in their Agony
Daſh againſt one another in the Sky;
Burſting their Orbs aſunder, from their Wombs
Shall guſh forth Flames, to Light 'em to their Tombs:
Huge Bearded Comets, of a dire Portent,
Inſtead of *Stars*, ſupply the Firmament;
Peſtif'rous Planets, whence all Plagues are bred,
At once ſhall all their fatal Venom ſhed;
While *Storms* around their baleful Poyſons bear,
Thereby infecting all the Fluid Air:
Tremenduous Bolts of Formidable Thunder,
Shall tear the Arched Roof of Heav'n aſunder;

Then to the Center ſplit the Earth below,
While this whole Machine totters to and fro.
The *Winds* at once their Fury all let fly,
Until they toſs the Ocean to the Sky.
The Rocks torn up ſhall through the Air be thrown,
And Nature under ſtrong Convulſions groan.
At which affrighted *Ghoſts* from Graves ſhall riſe,
To be ſeen only by their glaring Eyes;
Till by the Terror of theſe Omens ſhook,
And ſtartled at each other's gaſtly Look,
Back to their Graves they ſcud, but diſpoſſeſt
Of Hopes, by theſe Alarms, of longer Reſt:
For now, behold, a *Light* breaks from the *Eaſt*,
And grad'ally its Wings ſpreads to the *Weſt*;
A num'rous Hoſt of Angels then appear,
In ſolemn Flight deſcending down the Air;

A *Throne* next (with ſurprizing Luſtre Bright)
Gilds all th' expanded Firmament with Light:
Upon the Throne the *Great* MESSIAH's Plac'd,
With all Paternal Rays of Glory grac'd;
In's Equipage Miriads of Angels ſhine,
And *Saints*, 'thout Number, the Proceſſion join;
Which (the Illuſtrious Pomp to conſummate)
Adorn in ſhining Circles the Imperial State.

The

The *Archangel* then ſhall rear his Trump on high,
And ſound a loud Alarm, ſhall eccho through the Sky;
Diſperſed Atoms, at the Powerful Blaſt,
From *Water*, *Fire*, from *Earth* and *Air* ſhall haſt,
To Joyn in Priſtine Forms; but firſt ſhall Riſe
The *Saints*, yet free from Terror and ſurpriſe;
For thus the ſmiling *Judge* their Happy Doom
Serenely ſhall Pronounce, *Ye Bleſſed, come,*
The Kingdom, long prepar'd for you, Inherit,
Obtain'd by your Obedience, through Our MERIT.

The *Angel* now the ſecond Blaſt ſhall ſound,
And throw the Noiſe to all the *World* around,
While the ſtern *Judge* with Terrors ſhades his Face,
And *Anger* takes of vanquiſh'd *Smiles* the Place,
Loud Craſhes from Beneath his Throne of Thunder,
Burſt out, as if they'd tear the Globe aſunder:
Expanded Sheets of Lightning ſwiftly fly,
And with thick Flaſhes fill the Blazing Sky:
While from their dark Abodes the *Wicked* come,
(Forc'd by the Fiends) to hear their *dreadful Doom*,
To hide 'em from the *Judge*'s *Wrath*, amain
They to the Mountains cry, but cry in vain;

The Mountains with Amazement fly away,
No leſs afrightned at his *Wrath* than They.
No ſooner will *He* ope the *Fatal Book*,
And caſt on *That* and *Them* an awful Look.
(The Book in which their Catalogue and Charge
Of all their *Crimſon Guilt* is writ at large)
But *Conſcience* (tho' long ſtifled in their Breaſt)
Each Accuſation will aloud Atteſt.
Then will the *Judge* pronounce in flaming Ire,
Go ye Curs'd into Everlaſting Fire,
Prepared for the Devil, and thoſe Fell
With Him, within the Blazing Womb of Hell.

On Our SAVIOUR's *Paſſion.*
An ODE.

I.

URANIA tho' thou'rt us'd to ſing
High *Anthems* to th' Eternal King,
And teach the Liſtning World below
What Thanks and Praiſe they owe
To thoſe Immortal Pow'ers, which all their Benefits beſtow;
Grac'd with the Privilege to Rove

Through

Through all thoſe Fields of Light above,
And Aromatic Bow'rs,
On Banks enamel'd with a Gaudy Pride,
And each Receſs of Fragrancy beſide;
To gather thence Ambroſial Flow'rs,
Thy Garlands to compleat:
Oh! here's a *Theam* too big for all thy Art,
Too big for thee to bear the ſmalleſt Part,
Which ne'er by *Angels Skill* was Fathom'd yet.

II.

Thou ſacred *Spirit*, Thou alone,
Who know'ſt th' Arcana of Heav'n's ſhining Throne,
And with expanded Wing,
Sat brooding on the Univerſe,
Reducing *Chaos* into Form,
And into Amity its Hetrogenial *Storm*;
Who taught the *Morning Stars* to ſing,
And *Ancient Prophets* to rehearſe,
Thy ſacred *Sanctions*, and with Theams
Supply'd the *Younger Prophets* Dreams,
Who did in *Cloven Tongues* appear,
T' inſtruct thy *Miſſionaries* here;
Oh touch Mine with a *Coal* is brought
From thine own *Altar*, and *Sublime* my *Thought*.

III. But

III.

But what tall Images of Verſe?
What Ideoms of Language can rehearſe
This boundleſs *Subject*, which out flies
Imagination's Force;
Nor has *Conception* ſuch a Sourſe,
From whence Ideas of it can ariſe:
LOVE vaſt, Incomprehenſible, Above
All that was ever called LOVE.

IV.

A GOD ſurrounded with Enormous Joys,
Extatic Bliſs, ineffable Delight
Of Glory inacceſſible; ſo bright
That Angels vail their Faces at his Sight,
Whilſt their Attendant Duty he Employs.
This Great, this *Self-Exiſting* DEITY,
Left that Eternal *Jubilee*,
Left all thoſe *Seraphims*, that ſhining Hoſt
Upon the Beatific Coaſt,
That Glory, Bliſs, Delight, all to *Reſtore*
Mankind to That He Forfeited before.

V.

When Man Rebell'd, *Juſtice* or *He* muſt die,
Or Equal Sacrifice the Room ſupply:

This

This was a Load
Fit only for the Shoulders of a GOD,
And this the SAVIOUR of Mankind
(To the Exceſs of Love inclin'd)
Reſolv'd to bear, that *Man* might be Retriev'd,
Th'*Offended ſuff'ring*, whilſt th'*Offender* was *Repriev'd*.

VI.

From thoſe bright Regions of Eternal Day,
Where Incence all the Boundleſs Space perfum'd,
Whoſe Odours ne'er can know decay,
Nor Treaſures be conſum'd,
Down to the Gloomy Earth He came,
Tainted with Crimes too loathſom for a Name;
Then ſtoop'd to Humble Birth,
His *Godhead* cloath'd with ſordid Earth,
And in a Manger laid,
The Stable Gueſts his Equipage of State,
On whom the Hoſts of Heav'n were proud to wait
In their Illuſtrious Robes of Majeſty Aray'd.

VII.

His *Infancy* by Murderers aſſail'd,
Yet though their Projects Fail'd,
Still as to riper Years he grew,
Hell all its Stratagems did ſtill renew;

Tempt

Tempt, Threaten, and Allure;
But being 'gainſt thoſe Arts ſecure,
Treach'ry and Violence are us'd:
His *Spotleſs Innocence* abus'd,
And of Crimes never ſtain'd His Thoughts accus'd.
Traytor, the Miſcreant Wretches call
That *Pow'r* whic had Juſt *Soveraignty* o'er All;
Him, and his Sacred Truths, deride,
Altho' to ſave 'em all apply'd,
And his Omnipotence the Impotent Defy'd.

VIII.

Thoſe *Arms* with cruel *Cords* they bind,
Before extended to Imbrace Mankind:
Next Sentence Him to Die,
Who came to give 'em *Immortality*.
With Thorns they Crown his *Head*, extorting *Blood*,
Then Meditating their *Eternal Good*;
Pierce Barb'rouſly thoſe *Hands*,
Employ'd to Looſe their Bands;
Scoff'd at His *Agony*,
Altho' Endur'd
That they might be,
From Everlaſting *Agonies* ſecur'd.

IX.

He *Dies*; the GOD of *Nature* Dies.
And the Tremendous Blow,
Shakes the Expanded Firmament above,
And the Foundations of the Earth below:
Behind the Sable Curtains of the Skies,
The Sun withdraws his Sick'ning Eye,
Unable to behold His Great *Creator* Dye;
The Spheres in tuneful Meaſures ceaſe to move,
The *Stars* expung'd the Firmament,
The *Rocks* are torn, the *Temple's Vail* is rent,
The Startl'd *Dead* from ſilent Graves ariſe;
A Gen'ral *Horror* Reigns Alone,
And *Univerſal Nature* gives a *Groan.*

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM